BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
NEW ENGLAND'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION
SUNDAY, June 18, 1933

Echoes of 1776 on Bunker Hill

YD Recalls Flanders Fields

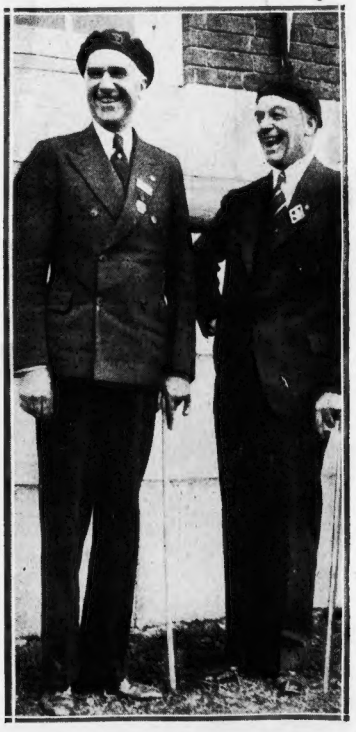
BLUEJACKETS of Uncle Sam swung along jauntily to the cheers of Bunker Hill Day crowds in Charlestown, their home port. This year's 17th parade was one of the most gala in all the section's history. Veteran and fraternal organizations were in line for the annual parade.

SAFEGUARD of the nation float of St. Francis de Sales Church was one of the features of Charlestown's Bunker Hill Day parade. Left to right, Alice Lydon, Spirit of Patriotism; Florence Geswell, Spirit of Religion; Mary McNeely, Mother Columbia; Margaret McGuire, Spirit of Education.

CRINOLINE MISSES of 1865, hoop skirts and all the frills, were portrayed by these two dainty Charlestown girls in the Bunker Hill Day parade. Their costumes won the applause of the crowds along the line of march. Left to right, Ruth Austin and Mildred Brennan.

TRIBUTE WREATH was placed on statue of Col. William Prescott in Charlestown yesterday at celebration of Bunker Hill Day by Capt. Thomas Frothingham, president of Bunker Hill Veterans' Association. Ceremony was one of many features of annual holiday. To Capt. Frothingham's right are Arthur O. Taylor and Capt. William A. Willard

FIRST TO CARRY News and photos to YD vets in convention, the Sunday Advertiser plane landed at Concord yesterday after record flight from Boston with a bundle of Sunday Advertisers for the assembled vets.



GENERALS OF YORE BUT just plain YD buddies yesterday were Gen. Charles Cole, left, and Gen. John Sherburne, who took prominent part in YD convention at Concord, N. H.

WORLD WAR days were re-lived by members of Yankee Division at Concord, N. H., convention. Once again, after 14 years, New England's famous combat troops marched to martial strains of drums and bugles, but this time, as shown above, it was through the streets of the Granite State capital, not war-torn fields of France.

SHE'S DRUMMER now, is Doris Frye of Concord, N. H., who got her chance to whang the old bass drum of the Magoni Post band at the YD convention in her native city.

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Sunday, June 18, 1933

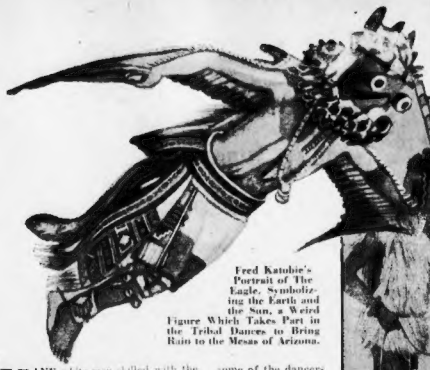
Cupids

by Henry Clive
Verses by Carolyn Wells

No. 2—Indian

Said Cupid, "I've often been told
You're haughty and scornful and cold;
I've broken my dart
On your hard, stony heart!"
"You're mistaken," she said, "it's pure gold."

Remarkable Paintings of Weird Hopi Gods



Fred Katobie's Portrait of The Eagle, Symbolizing the Earth and the Sun, a Weird Figure Which Takes Part in the Tribal Dances to Bring Rain to the Mesas of Arizona.

Monsters and Masked Figures of the Katchinas, Legendary Protectors of the Hopi Tribes. The Painting Was Made for the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.

WIDE WORLD - PHOTOS

Another Weird Figure With All the Earmarks of a Humanized Mosquito, Evidently An Important Personage in the Annual Rain Dance.

MANY white men skilled with the brush and pencil have applied their talents, more or less successfully, to the painting and drawing of Indian customs and ceremonials. But with all their formal art training their canvases fall short of the remarkable drama, accuracy and color found in the pictures done by the Red Men themselves.

Perhaps the best of the modern Indian artists is a Hopi named Fred Katobie. The pictures reproduced on this page were done by him, under the auspices of the Museum of the American Indian. They are likenesses of some of the dancers who, dressed in their traditional tribal costumes and masks, take part annually in the so-called Rain Dance of the Hopi.

Just why Katobie's pictures are superior to the many paintings of the same ceremonials done by intelligent and skilled white artists is hard to say. He himself doesn't know why they are masterpieces marked by exceptional accuracy and possessed of a spirit that is deeply and definitely Indian.

One eminent student of Indian lore and customs has ventured an opinion with which most of his colleagues agree. "It seems to me," he said, "that Katobie, aside from his familiarity with every minute detail of the costumes worn in the Rain Dance, knows what few white men know—that the Rain Dance isn't really a dance at all, but a dramatized prayer.

"To him the dance isn't even a pageant and, least of all, a festival. It is a ceremonial, grave to the point of sacredness. The Hopi artist, steeped in the lore of his people, manages in subtle ways to catch the absolute seriousness of the rite which seems to many observers to be at times gay and at other points comic.

"Katobie understands, because Hopi blood runs in his veins, that the Indian has limitless faith in the ability of his gods to help him, but that, in his gestures toward these beneficent deities, he also attempts to drive away evil spirits that might upset the gifts of the good gods. In short, the Rain Dance, like certain other Indian ceremonials, is a dual-purpose show—a prayer for rain, abundant crops and the health and well-being of the tribe, and a threat to the villainous powers that might, in some way, upset the good intentions of the gods who have such boons as rain and fertility of the soil in their control."

The Memorial to Julius de Konkoly-Thege and His Wife, Dorothy Arents, of New York, in the Kerepes Cemetery, Budapest. The Statues Are Portrait Likenesses of the Couple Who Died Within the Same Month. The Memorial Occupies the Space Ordinarily Allotted to Twelve Graves.

Strange Memorial to Tragic Bridal Couple

BUDAPEST.

BY far the most artistic and moving gravestone in the Hungarian capital is the memorial over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Julius de Konkoly-Thege, who died within a month of each other in June, 1930. Mrs. de Konkoly-Thege was Miss Dorothy Arents, of New York, before her marriage, and her parents ordered the memorial made by one of the most eminent Hungarian sculptors, Ferenes Sidlo.

When Dorothy Arents met Julius de Konkoly-Thege, a young Hungarian engineer, doing post-graduate work at Columbia University, she fell in love with him at once. With Julius it was the same. But he made no approaches—Dorothy was too rich. Young Konkoly-Thege, who came of an excellent Hungarian family, could not be reconciled to the idea of marrying for money. Dorothy's stepfather was a millionaire.

It was the rich man himself who found a way out. He sent for young Konkoly-Thege and asked him point-blank why he avoided their house and Dorothy's company, when they had seemed to hit it off so well together. Julius Konkoly explained his position. He would not come to the house as long as he could not afford to have serious intentions.

The millionaire offered the capable young engineer an excellent position in one of his factories, with a salary that would enable him to marry. Julius and Dorothy were supremely happy. They rushed the marriage, for Julius longed to take his bride home to Hungary and introduce her to his parents.

Dorothy Konkoly-Thege was welcomed in Budapest most cordially. Everybody liked the beautiful American girl, and her letters to her mother testified to her happiness. The young couple stayed at the Dunapalota, Budapest's finest hotel, and were invited out almost every night, sharing in the Hungarian capital's gay social life.

One night, returning from a garden party at the house of the American Minister, Mr. Butler Wright, Dorothy went upstairs to their suite on the first floor, while Julius stayed in the lounge to smoke another cigarette. Five minutes later Dorothy rang desperately for help. Her husband found her writhing in the most terrible spasms. Instead of her usual medicine of digestive pills, she had taken a dose of deadly poison. Dorothy Konkoly-Thege died in her husband's arms.

Seemingly she had made a fatal error, but people could not understand how she could mistake a bottle labeled "Poison: Danger," decorated with a skull and cross-bones, and swallow the contents. There was a police investigation, but the verdict was: Death by accident.

None of the Konkoly-Theges' close friends who had seen Dorothy could doubt that she had had no intention of suicide. But those who did not know the young couple so well spoke of a dance that evening in which Dorothy could not join because some slight abnormality in her physique prevented her from dancing at all, while Julius danced every number—most of them with a certain auburn-haired beauty. They imagined that Dorothy was jealous of her husband's attention to this woman.

At the funeral young Konkoly-Thege stumbled blindly after the hearse, supported by his mother and father. A few days later Mr. and Mrs. Arents arrived. They persuaded their grieving son-in-law to join them in a trip to Scandinavia. The young widower agreed apathetically, and exactly four weeks after Dorothy's death he shot himself. He could not bear life without Dorothy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arents brought the corpse back to Budapest, and Julius was buried beside Dorothy. The striking sculpture which marks their graves will stand as a memorial to the love which endures beyond the grave.

This Portable Windshield to Protect the Delicate Skin of Fair Bathers From Sand and Wind, While They Enjoy the Beneficial Rays of the Sun.

ACME PHOTO - UNDERWOOD PHOTO

The Watering Places in the South and West Have Adopted

Portable Windshields for Protection of Bathing Beauties

THE bathing beauties of California blossom in the sun, but there are days, even on the fair shores of the blue Pacific, when the wind blows a bit chill for comfort. In order that the aforesaid bathing beauties might get their sun baths despite the uncomfortable breezes, some considerate and imaginative individual invented the folding beach windshield seen in the photograph above. Behind the big transparent windows of this device, a dozen girls can bask in the rays of the sun, protected from the wind.

Such screens could, of course, be made of wood, or metal. But they would obstruct the view of the protected persons—and, what is equally undesirable, they would prevent the young women from being seen. Rare, indeed, are the members of the fair sex, in California or anywhere else, who would want to hide their charms behind an opaque barrier, even if the thing added to their comfort by shutting out chilling draughts from the sea.

The screens also serve as a means of protecting beach lunches from the flying sand in windy weather—a usage that makes them desirable equipment for picnic parties. Some of the portable shields are made of prism glass or quartz crystal which permits the passage through the transparent material of the beneficial ultra-violet rays, which are shunted off by ordinary glass. These particular shields are provided with an extra section for a roof.

Makes a Living by Being Run Over by Autos

WHEN "SAMSON" BOSSFORD, of Sunderland, England, makes out his income tax he lists his occupation as "strong man" and he has to make the seemingly silly but perfectly true explanation that he derives part of his living from the business of being run over by motor cars.

In the public squares of his home town, and elsewhere, Strong Man Bossford demonstrates his remarkable durability by lying flat on his well-muscled tummy and permitting full-size automobiles, loaded with passengers, to run two of their wheels over the small of his back. The photograph at the right shows Mr. Bossford subjecting himself to this ordeal which would make a cripple of the average man, if it did not kill him outright.

"Samson" Bossford is as honest as he is strong. He frankly admits that his spectacular way of contributing to his living expenses is "pretty tough."

There is, he explains, little danger connected with his stunt because he is blessed with an exceptionally stout physique, which he has made stouter by years of special exercises.

Being run over by an automobile demands exceptional muscular development of the back and midriff. If the muscles in these localities are sufficiently bulky and vigorous, then they can be tensed to form a protective armor of fibrous tissue which can resist weights of more than a ton.

Mr. Bossford, to his profit, has just this sort of muscle. He is, to use a more or less familiar phrase, an "iron man." He has been run over by loaded motor cars hundreds of times and he has yet to suffer any more serious discomfort than a slight abrasion of the skin or a bit of soreness in the small of the back the next day. Never has the weight of a car depressed his thick layer of muscles to endanger his backbone or his ribs.

The strong man business is not so good in England these days. It is feeling the effects of the depression, like many another calling. So Sunderland's "iron man" has been casting about for other sources of income. Oddly enough, he prefers some form of work that doesn't make too much demand on his unusual physical powers and he thinks that he would enjoy being a hangman.

Not long ago he sent his application for this job to the Home Office, setting forth in a letter to the proper authorities what he regards as his special physical and mental qualifications for the position. He was a little disappointed when he received a reply—a sort of form letter—which advised him that his communication had been received, that the contents were duly noted and that his name had been placed on file for consideration in case the Empire found itself in need of a hangman. "Samson" diluted his disappointment somewhat by getting himself run over by a good big limousine loaded with a couple of extra passengers.

WIDE WORLD - PHOTO

"Samson" Bossford, the Man Who Has Applied for the Post of England's Official Hangman, Demonstrating His Skill as a Strong Man by Allowing a 3000-Pound Auto to Run Over Him in the Public Square at Sunderland.

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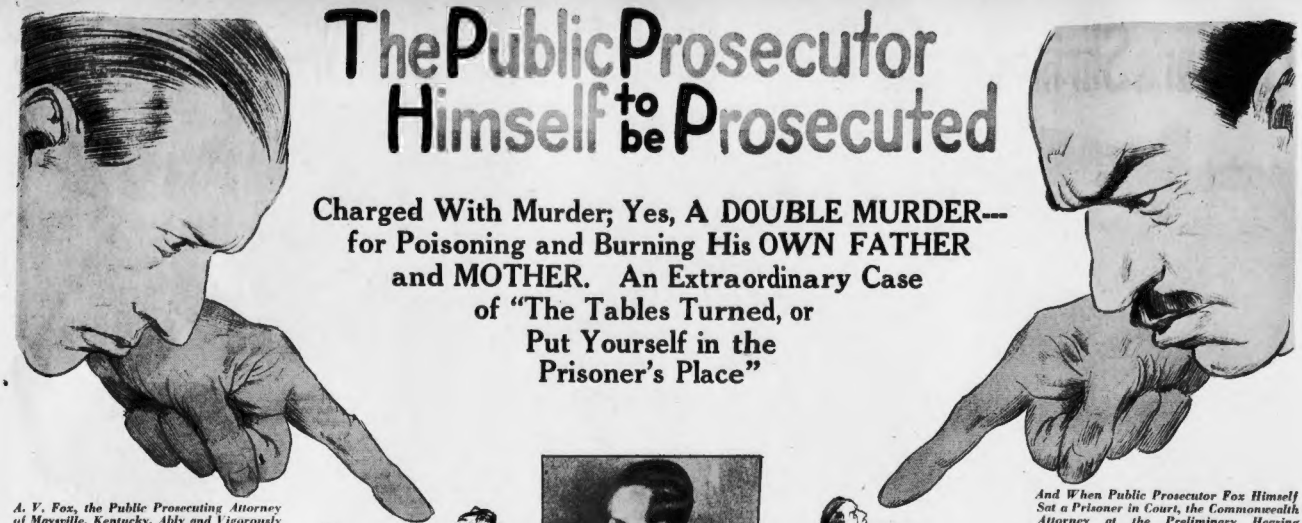
The Public Prosecutor Himself to be Prosecuted

Charged With Murder; Yes, A DOUBLE MURDER--- for Poisoning and Burning His OWN FATHER and MOTHER. An Extraordinary Case of "The Tables Turned, or Put Yourself in the Prisoner's Place"



A. V. Fox, the Public Prosecuting Attorney of Maysville, Kentucky, Ably and Vigorously Prosecuted the Unhappy Delinquents in the Municipal Court, Shaking His Finger at Them and Demanding From the Presiding Judge the Full Penalty the Law Provided.

Lawyer A. V. Fox, Public Prosecutor of Maysville, Kentucky, Charged with Double Murder.

And When Public Prosecutor Fox Himself Sat a Prisoner in Court, the Commonwealth Attorney at the Preliminary Hearing Charged Him With the Cruel Murder of His Own Father and Mother and Demanded That He Be Imprisoned Without Bail Until the Evidence Could Be Laid Before the County Grand Jury.

CITY PROSECUTOR of Maysville, Kentucky, at the age of 27, a stern and upright man, a terror to all evildoers and whose able and conscientious efforts had sent a long string of lawbreakers behind the bars, Andrew V. Fox was suddenly moved over to the prisoner's dock, where he appeared before his astonished fellow citizens accused of murdering both his parents. The people crowded to the hearing in such numbers that the courtroom floor timbers started to give beneath their weight.

No Jekyll and Hyde character of fiction and no actor of stage or screen ever portrayed two more startlingly contrasting parts than this brilliant young man in real life, if the charges are true. The accuser is being accused, the hunter hunted and the prosecutor of criminals knows how it feels to be prosecuted for one of the most startling crimes that can be committed.

Just before midnight of April 26 people in the quiet of East Second Street, Maysville, were aroused by the grinding of brakes, the hooting of an automobile horn and shouts of "Fire!" Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Claypoole, passing through Maysville in their car, had seen flickering lights behind the closed windows of a house. The neighbors turned in an alarm and rushed to the house where they knew lived Claiborne Fox and his wife, Emma Van Sant Fox well-to-do retired farmers, with their only son, Andrew Van Sant Fox, the brilliant young City Prosecutor, of whom the whole neighborhood was proud.

Finding both doors locked and receiving no answer to their shouts, they began trying the windows, which proved also to be locked. Presently there were screams of dismay from Mr. and Mrs. Claypoole, who had gotten out of their car and looked in the bedroom on the first floor. There, lying as if peacefully sleeping on a bed that was a mass of flames, they saw the elder Mr. Fox, 60 years old, and his wife, who was 53.

The neighbors rushed to the window, but as they looked the flames burst into such increased vigor that the radiant heat could be felt through the glass and made hope of rescue impossible. Still the elderly couple seemed to sleep peacefully on in their furnace.

Nothing could be done for them until the fire apparatus arrived, but what about young Andrew—was he in that house? The rapidly growing crowd united in calling him, and finally they saw a white face appear for a moment at an upper window. A moment later the back door was unlocked and through it stumbled the young prosecutor, wearing only a pair of trousers over his pajamas and house slippers. He was choking from the smoke and seemed dazed with sleep and surprise.

At first he did not seem to grasp that they were telling him that his mother and father were burning in that fire. When he did, Andrew attempted to run back into the house and get them out. As this would have been suicidal, Claypoole restrained him and later gave some queer testimony about that restraint.

At this point the fire department arrived with its usual terrific din, and as soon as it got a stream on the blaze put it out with unexpected ease. In fact, the flames in the bed chamber seemed to have begun to subside a little even before the water struck them. The bodies were removed and the neighbors occupied themselves in trying to console the heartbroken youth, of whom the dead couple had been so proud.

It was not clear what had caused the fire, and some wondered a little that it had flared so suddenly in that room with closed windows and why the old couple had been suffocated or burned to death in their sleep without any apparent effort to save themselves. If the thought entered anyone's mind that it might have been the work of an incendiary, he must have supposed that some lawbreaker whom Andrew had sent away had attempted a vengeance that had fallen on his parents.

The Home of the Fox Family, Where the Double Murder Took Place, and Showing the Windows Boarded Up After the Fire.

Court House at Maysville, Kentucky, County Seat of Mason County, Where Prosecutor Fox Was Held Without Bail for the Murder of His Parents.

If so, this would be a murder case and not within his province to prosecute, but they could imagine how he would aid and spur on the county attorney and others to whom that job belonged. Even if this 27-year-old prosecutor and rising attorney had not been a man of such sterling reputation, nobody would have thought this son could have had a hand in murdering his own parents because there was no known motive for it. His father and mother were of such small means that no man in his senses would take the risk of a major crime in order to collect that small inheritance. It was a rented house, so there would be no insurance to collect and there had been no domestic trouble.

Also a highly efficient officer of the law against pickpockets, sneak thieves and other minor police court offenders, he had better reason than most anyone else to fear the dangers of committing the most heinous crime of all, the murder of one's parents. The neighbors went home, leaving a couple of firemen poking around destructively in their hunt for a few last embers.

In the next few hours, one after another, arrived the various specialists which a tragedy of this sort automatically assembles—first the uniformed police, then the coroner, the fire marshal, the plain clothes detectives and finally the head of the State Fire Prevention Department. Each of these observed something which caused him to telephone for superiors or assistants until soon the house was swarming with investigators who knew they were confronted by a remarkable crime, bristling with conflicting facts.

That the fire had been deliberately set, none of the investigators doubted. The bedding, the floor, and even the hair of the victims still bore the unmistakable signs of kerosene. Furthermore, there was evidence that the fire had been started in two different places, one in the bedroom on the ground floor and the other in an offset alcove on the second floor just above their room and beside Andrew's room. If the discovery of the flames had been made a little later, the two fires would have burned into each other and nobody would have known there had been but one start.

The Bed From Which the Burned Bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne Fox, Father and Mother of the City Prosecutor, Were Taken and About Which Most of the Fire Centered.

This raised all sorts of questions. It was a rather mild night, making it strange that all three were sleeping with every window closed and locked. How did an outside incendiary get in and out again without leaving any signs of breaking and entering? Why had he started such a huge fire downstairs and then, as a sort of auxiliary after-thought, one on the floor above? If he was after revenge, while he was at Andrew's door why didn't he step in and knock him over the head as the youth slept so soundly? By the sometimes slow but inexorable logic of crime, if a crime cannot be an "outside job" it must be an "inside job," even though the only person inside may seem the most unlikely one in the world.

Even queerer was the fact that the couple had died in their sleep, in bed, without being disturbed by the bonfire that was supposed to have killed them. They were in peaceful attitudes and there was no expression of pain on their faces. An autopsy revealed no bruises, broken bones nor other signs of violence which would indicate that they actually had died in their sleep. This was contrary to common sense, because they were both in good health and in possession of all their faculties.

The irresistible conclusion was that they must have been first killed or stupified by gas or other poison. Examination of their organs, however, revealed no trace of anything of the kind. It was conceivable, though most improbable, that fright at awakening in a blazing room might have so paralyzed a person that he would lie right there and die of smoke and fire, but that it could happen to two persons at the same time is beyond belief. Then something must have been done to them before the fire to prevent their doing anything about it.

The autopsy showed that something did, in fact, happen to them before the fire as proved by the condition of their tongues, lungs and throats. Had they been alive, even though unconscious among the flames, they would have breathed in the flames and smoke, which leave their marks plainly on the sensitive membranes. But there were no indications and therefore they were not breathing but dead when the fire started. In the coroner's opinion they had been dead about an hour before the fire.

Robbery was not the motive, because a small sum of money and the couple's jewelry were found untouched but where a thief could hardly have missed them. The last person to see the pair alive was John Baugh, street-car motorman. He informed the authorities that at 10:30, as his car clattered through the street on its last trip, he had looked in and seen Mr. and Mrs. Fox quietly reading near the window. An hour and a half later Mr. and Mrs. Claypoole looked through that same window and saw them lying in the flames. The detectives think that the murderer waited for that last car to pass before starting his work.

For every problem the investigators turned to the young man who had survived the fire, but he could give no satisfactory answer. For once the keen-minded prosecutor could not seem to help in the most important case of his life. He was distraught and confused, which was natural enough for a son who knew that his father and mother had been burned to death while he slept on the next floor.

But it was an inside job, he was the only insider, and in questioning others the investigators found that he seemed to have made conflicting statements. One said he had told them that he had been in all the evening, another that he hadn't come home until 10 o'clock, while still a third reported that he had been seen standing outside the house just after that last car had passed. Claypoole told them that, on thinking it over, Andrew had not struggled to get into the house and save his parents as hard as he would have done if his parents had been in there. The firemen said that Fox's bed seemed not to have been slept in. Meanwhile a coroner's jury returned verdicts that both Mr. and Mrs. Fox had been murdered by persons unknown and cause unknown.

Then the town was electrified by the news that Andrew Fox had been arrested, charged with the murder of his parents. At the hearing before Judge Harry Furnell of the Circuit Court, Andrew pleaded not guilty, but did not take the witness stand. County Attorney Donald Wood charged that he had first killed his parents by gas or other drug and then attempted to burn the house to conceal the crime.

He admitted that the evidence was entirely circumstantial, but of a kind that pointed to Andrew mostly, eliminating all others. Stating that the crime was a dastardly one, done in such a way that it must have been committed by "a man with brains and not a bum," such as would be the case had it been revenge by someone he had convicted, the prosecutor said that certain things could be proven by the process of elimination, and charged that the crime could not have been perpetrated without the knowledge and co-operation of the defendant.

Another most unusual thing in such cases was the failure of the prosecution to offer any motive. A man cannot very well be convicted of murder without convincing the jury that he had a strong motive for the act. Therefore, presumably either the prosecution has one which it prefers not to reveal at this stage of the proceedings or hopes to produce it later.

Attorney B. S. Grannis, lawyer for young Fox, protested vigorously that it was an outrage to indict a son just because the police could not think of anyone else to blame the murder of his parents on. But Judge Furnell held that while there was no direct evidence to show that Andrew had committed the deed, the presumption was great enough to hold him for the grand jury without bail. At this decision young Fox dropped his head on his arms and sobbed so loudly that it could be heard all over the crowded courtroom.

After a while a firm hand was laid on his shoulder, and a matter-of-fact voice said: "Well, let's be going."

The young man raised his head and into his eyes came an expression of horrified comprehension. He was going to jail, where he had sent so many others. For once he must play the game from the other side. He was to be the prisoner at the bar, he who for two years had been prosecutor now knew how it feels to be prosecuted. Instead of trying to plug up all the loopholes in the law, he must sit in his cell trying to find one through which he can slip.

It will be an unusual case indeed if he is convicted, unless the prosecution has up its sleeve much evidence which it has not seen fit to reveal. While this fact should comfort him as he goes through the worry and uncertainty of preparing and fighting his case, there is also the ill-omen that a predecessor in the office of City Prosecutor was sentenced to two years in the State Penitentiary for subornation of perjury. Therefore he knows there is a precedent by which a prosecutor may be not only prosecuted but know how it feels to be convicted and sent to prison.

Fox is a graduate of Centre College and the Law School of the University of Kentucky. His divorced wife is now the wife of Dr. Thomas G. Perry, in charge of the bacteriological laboratory at West Palm Beach, Florida.

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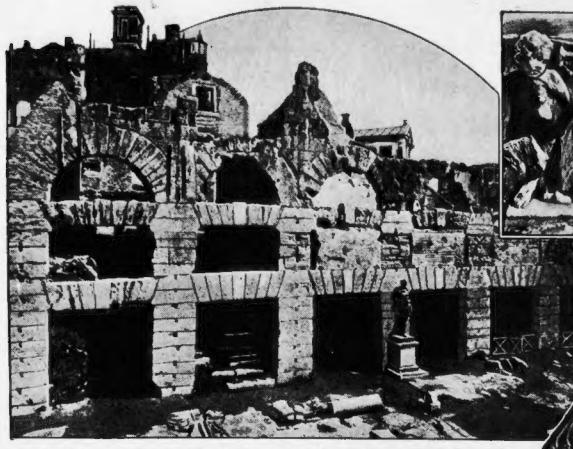
Caesar's Shrine To Venus Where He Immortalized His Horse



Arcade of Ancient Roman Shops, With a Statue of Caesar Near the Center. This Is Part of the Newly Excavated Forum of Julius Caesar, Where He Erected a Shrine to a Goddess—and His Horse.

An Exquisite Sculpture From a Frieze in the Temple, Showing Seven Winged Cupids at Play. The Figures Are Half Life-Size.

Fragment From the Frieze of the Temple of Venus. One of the Many Joyous Figures of Cupid—the Winged Boy Who Has Come to Represent the Tender Emotions.

Base of a Fluted Column With Extravagant Floral Designs. Dug Up From the Second Century Ruins.

ROME.

JULIUS CAESAR, like many another ruler of Imperial Rome, glorified himself, his friends and the deities he worshiped, by erecting temples and courts to grace the seven hills of the metropolis that was the center of the world in his time.

Recent excavations in the Italian capital have brought to light the partially reconstructed ruins of an ornate and costly shrine which Caesar raised to the honor of Venus, the Goddess of Love, and, strangely enough, to the memory of his favorite horse. Apparently the egotistic emperor saw nothing inconsistent in paying tribute to one of the deathless inhabitants of Olympus and to the fleshly pride of his stables in the same building.

The scientists found, however, that the Roman king had seen to it that a statue of Venus occupied the place of honor in the center of the temple, which was ornamented with many figures of Cupid, the winged lad who to this day is associated with the Love Goddess. But the heroic statue of himself astride his favorite horse was erected in the spot next in importance to the central shrine devoted to Venus herself. This equestrian sculpture—a masterpiece in bronze—dominated the open space before the entrance to the temple.

It is probable that Caesar at first planned to erect only the statue of the horse in the center of the shrine, for the armored likeness of himself obviously was added to the horse and was not an integral part of the original sculpture. There is evidence in Roman history, as recorded by one Statius, that Caesar did not think the hoofs of the statue were accurate enough and that he had the feet of the sculpture done over.

Although the ruins show rather plainly that the Emperor Trajan rebuilt portions of the shrine, which he rededicated in 113 A. D., long after the murder of Caesar, it is known that the original shrine was erected to celebrate Caesar's victory over Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, in the year 48 B. C.

Besides making use of the temple to pay his respects to Venus and to his favorite steed, the highly imaginative ruler also paid his respects to Cleopatra, by placing a flattering statue of this alluring daughter of the Nile in a prominent place in the building.

Miss Esme Bankhead, of Brighton, England, Who Has Been Chosen as a Perfect Example of English Feminine Beauty, and Who Will Attend the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition.

Six Steins of Beer a Day for Lucky Dog

WHEN the New Deal brought real beer back to Manoa, Pennsylvania, no one in that community was happier than "Don," the 200-pound St. Bernard pet of Bill Boyd.

It seems that Don was born with a thirst for hoppy brews, for when he was a pup his master discovered that the dog liked nothing so much as a saucer full of near beer. Before beer with a legally non-intoxicating alcoholic content could be sold and consumed openly, Mr. Boyd used to see to it that his dog had his beer now and again. And a few days after 3.2 brew was available in the taps of Manoa's restaurants Bill and Don strolled into the bar of the Manoa Inn to have a seidel or so of the stuff.

Being a wise dog, Don registered satisfaction with the first lap of the beverage. His big tail wagged as it never had wagged on near beer. Here was a drink to his canine taste and he lapped up three steins before his appetite was appeased.

Mr. Boyd kept a sharp eye on his pal because he wasn't sure just how the alcoholic drink would affect him. If the stuff made Don tipsy then he would have to get along on something else, for the man had no intention of letting the dog get even slightly intoxicated. That, to him, would have been a form of cruelty to animals.

But he had no cause to worry because Don takes his beer like a gentleman. The stuff makes him a bit more playful and affectionate than he normally is but it doesn't make him even a little drunk—even when he drinks six steins a day, which is his quota at the present. The photograph at the right shows the lucky dog and his master having one on the house.

"Don," the Manoa, Pennsylvania, St. Bernard Dog, Whose Diet Calls for Six Steins of Beer Daily—Since the Brew Became Legal, He Has Been Getting It at the Corner Bar.

England Finds Its "100-Percenter"

LONDON.

NOT for many a year has the winner of an English beauty contest caused the stir among artists and the public that followed the selection of Miss Esme Bankhead, of Brighton, as a 100-percent specimen of British beauty. Her reward for winning this distinction will be a trip to the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition.

It seems that, besides being extraordinarily good-looking, Miss Bankhead is typically British. Anyway that's what the artists who picked her say.

"Miss Bankhead," said the chairman of the contest committee, "is the most perfect type of feminine English beauty that I have found in a lifetime of locating and painting charming women. Her hair is just the right shade of Anglo-Saxon blonde. Her eyes are exactly the shade of sea-blue to complement her hair. Her nose and her mouth are thoroughly and beautifully British. The shape of her face, the coloring of her skin and the molding of her body complete the physical ensemble which is this 100 per cent English beauty."

When the Brighton girl boards a liner for her journey to Chicago she will take with her a dozen trunks filled with what is said to be the most expensive and complete wardrobe ever provided a beauty queen.

It's a Parade When the O'Connell Family Goes to Church

ALTHOUGH former Congressman Joseph F. O'Connell, of Brighton, Massachusetts, did not subscribe to some of the policies of the late Teddy Roosevelt, he did agree with T. R.'s ideas of how large a family should be. To date, the O'Connell menage of healthy, happy and good-looking children numbers 13, counting their proud parents.

To paraphrase an old joke about a family of Rooseveltian size—the one about the father who remarked that when his family of 14 children sat down to the dinner table, the occasion was not a meal, but a convention—when the O'Connells go to church it's not just a family going to their devotions, it's a parade.

Of course, the O'Connells do not attempt to do their Sunday morning walking in "company front" formation, as shown in the photograph at the right, or Papa O'Connell, for all his political influence probably would be in trouble with the police for obstructing traffic. This line-up was staged at the request of a photographer, and the O'Connells fell back into twos as soon as the picture was snapped. One of the family was indisposed on the Sabbath morning that this photograph was taken, so the group numbers an even dozen instead of the full family strength of 13.

The O'Connell family is composed of an interesting combination of usual and unusual names. There's Frederick and Joseph, Jr.—both very good but very common names—but there's also Diarmuid, Conleth, Meta, Kevin, Brandan, Finbar and Lelia.

A family of 11 children is big for these days, when the average American home boasts something less than three children. The O'Connells know that there are many bigger families in the country and they have no desire to seek the national championship.

Mr. and Mrs. August Freking, of Heron Lake, Minnesota, to cite one other notable example of sizable families, are the parents of 19 good-looking and healthy children—10 boys and 9 girls, although the oldest of them are now young men and women making their own way in the world.

When the Frekings go out en masse they make quite a procession, too, and they attract as much attention in Heron Lake as the O'Connells do in Brighton.

In a way the Freking family is the most remarkable Rooseveltian household to be found anywhere in these United States. This is because of the long and interesting competition with the Ferdinand Freking family. Ferdinand and his wife and children have helped to put New Vienna, Iowa, on the map, for this family, counting the father and mother, numbers 19—only two less than the Frekings of Heron Lake.

Ferdinand Freking is the brother of August and his wife is the sister of the other Mrs. Freking. When the two couples were married they decided that they would rear generous-sized families, for they were more than ordinarily fond of children and they believed that folks should have as many of these blessings as their circumstances permitted.

The Heron Lake Frekings have done, as already explained, a little better for themselves and the country than the Ferdinand Frekings. But the latter family doesn't mind, for, after all, 17 physically and mentally sound offspring is something of a record in itself.

It is possible that, though there have been American families with 20 children and more, the Frekings, jointly and severally, have established a nation-wide record, because in neither of these families is there a pair of twins or trios or triplets to help swell the total.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. O'Connell, of Brighton, Mass., With Their Family on the Way to Church—A Weekly Event That Takes on the Semblance of a Parade.

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Rich American Princess Loses Her Title

Latest of the Extraordinary Exploits of Prince Pignatelli Reverses the Usual Story and Now It Is the Penniless Foreign Nobleman Who Gets Rid of His Golden Wife

The Noble Prince Pignatelli D'Aragon.

Ruth Morgan Waters, Former Princess Pignatelli D'Aragon, and Her Little Daughter, Princess Marie Isabelle, When She Was 3-Years-Old.

Mrs. G. Jason Waters, Mother of the Ex-Princess.

The Princess Pignatelli D'Aragon, Formerly Miss Ruth Waters, on the Sands at Palm Beach.

WHEN the American heiress marries the poor but titled nobleman, he usually finds himself thrown out before long, and his wife, who got the divorce, still wears the title she purchased. But there has been one notable exception in the recent divorce of Prince Pignatelli, of noble Spanish ancestry, who has sued his American, golden-girl bride, won his divorce, the custody of their child —and a decree forbidding her to use the title of Princess.

It was the charming, pretty and wealthy Ruth Morgan Waters, of Baltimore, who eloped with the Prince who was fifteen years older than his bride. It was probably no surprise to the young Princess to discover that her royal mate was a penniless bankrupt. But he had a particularly imposing title with a family tree traced all the way back to 1102 A. D., and his career even before marriage had been more exciting than most fiction. From time to time after the wedding reports of marital discord were printed, but things were patched up until Pignatelli brought suit in the French courts some weeks ago claiming that his wife had deserted him and demanding that she be forbidden hereafter to use the handsome coat-of-arms she had been displaying on her stationery, enjoined from using the title of Princess, but allowing their child, Marie Isabelle, to remain with her father and thus go on through life as a genuine princess.

The American heiress was very proud of the title which certainly was a mouthful—Princess Pignatelli d'Aragon y Cavendish de Delmar.

Two years after her marriage, when she had been arraigned before a magistrate in the courts of Hempstead, L. I., the Princess upbraided the court for addressing her as "Mrs. de Aragon."

"I am a Princess," she indignantly said. But the magistrate, not a bit taken aback, answered: "Madams, this court makes no social distinctions. Kings, Queens, Princesses, cooks and cobblers are all on the same footing before this democratic tribunal and all receive the same justice."

He went even further by fining the Princess $10 and some costs because she had mishandled her cook and torn her waist when the cook refused to do chamberwork.

Today, however, she is no longer a Princess. Her titled husband is in the automobile business in Nice, France, while she must content herself with reading the pedigree of the family to which she recently belonged.

This pedigree is indeed an unusual one, for the Pignatelli family, which is related to that of ex-King Alfonso of Spain, takes up seven pages in the Almanach de Gotha. Originally an Italian line, the family has three other branches, one stemming from Sicily, a second from Sardinia and a third from Spain. The Pignatellis became Princes of the Holy Roman Empire in the seventeenth century when Ettore Pignatelli, the fourth Prince of Noja, married Giovanna d'Aragona Cortez, who was a hereditary princess through her father, Diego Tagliavia d'Aragona. Another Ettore, the ninth in the line, became a Spanish grandee. The Pignatellis claim to have given three Popes to Rome, including Pope Leo XII.

The present Prince Ludovico Pignatelli stems from the third line, that of Antonio Pignatelli, born in Madrid in 1700. On page 427 of the 1910 edition of the Almanach, the immediate family of Ludovico is displayed. His father, Prince Luigi Pignatelli, was born in Madrid in 1854 and married Emily Francis Ida Cavendish in 1877. The next year baby Ludovico saw the light in Biarritz, France. On the maternal side, too, the baby Prince had excellent antecedents, for the Cavendishes are in Burke's Peerage as next to royalty itself, descendants of the fourth Duke of Devonshire. Emily Cavendish was herself the great-granddaughter of General the Honorable Henry Frederic Compton Cavendish, brother of the First Earl of Burlington.

Certainly with such blood in his veins, the Prince had a perfect right to expect the very richest of rich Americans to be dazzled by him as an eligible husband. Furthermore, Prince Pignatelli, or "Prince Pig," as he came to be known after the first arrival on Broadway, had other things to boast about.

He was the man who had worn the most daring hat in Mentone, the fashionable French resort; his wealthy mother provided him with a liberal allowance and a generous uncle in Russia was said to be sending him money to the tune of $5,000 a week. His reputation as a swordsman was equalled only by his skill at killing pigeons; he was a famous figure at Monte Carlo where he lost huge sums every night. Small wonder that he docked in New York full of hope, met by the pre-war ship reporters who headlined the fact that Prince Pignatelli was the first man ever to set foot on the United States with a small feather in his hat. That was early in 1912.

News of the Prince's activities had preceded him and made of him a romantic figure. Society was interested in the plot in which he had been embroiled in Spain, some sort of coup d'etat by which a different set of royalists hoped to seize power. The effort had been unsuccessful, but everyone wanted to know all about it. The Prince was wined and dined from Newport to Hot Springs, and he provided the society folk with plenty of amusement, taking the place of an altar boy who had failed to appear, thus assisting the Hot Springs clergyman.

Then he sprang his first bomb. He announced that he was engaged to Mary Duke, daughter of the multi millionaire tobacco magnate Benjamin Newton Duke, of Durham, South Carolina and New York. Consternation ruled. Mrs. Duke indignantly denied the report. Mr. Duke said it was unfounded. But the news would not be silenced. The papers began to worry about how the Catholic Prince could take unto himself a Protestant bride. But the Prince, ever ingenious, let it be known that it could be done by special dispensation in Paris. Benjamin Duke kept on insisting that he did not want the Prince as a son-in-law and he never won her.

Being jilted by a girl like Mary Duke was a difficult pill for even the gay Prince to swallow. Sadly he sailed back to the Continent, ripe, at the age of 34, for new adventure. No sooner did he land than strange tales began coming across the ocean about him.

He had been seen calling at the chateau of the Baron de Meyronnet de St. Marc in Nice. The Baroness was a Philadelphia society woman and she was entertaining her two young and wealthy American step-sisters at her place in Nice. Then the tales doubled in interest. The Prince had gone in for gambling in a bigger and better way than ever before. He was being named as chief of staff of a French gambling house. Then came the news that the Prince had attempted suicide with a pearl-handled revolver in one hand and his lighted cigarette in the other, while his valet looked on, dumbfounded. The Prince was rushed to the hospital, but he recovered quickly for it was only a flesh wound.

The next thing Uncle Sam knew the Prince was once more over here. It seems that he had found out that the French police were after him to explain something. But the Prince had been faster than they and had caught an express boat for America.

On the voyage the Prince fascinated all the travelers. He landed in New York harbor, with his waxed mustache, his tiny watch with its jeweled strap, his handkerchief peeping out from his cuff, his immaculate clothes and his scent of dainty perfume. But the immigration officials were not taken in and rudely took him to Ellis Island where they held him because of the rumor of his suicide and his gambling offenses. The irony of it was that Faust, the Prince's rosy-cheeked French valet, was not detained, but spent his first few days in solitary splendor at the Prince's suite at the Ritz.

At Ellis Island the Prince chafed. He disliked the food and the authorities allowed him to order a special dinner for $1.30, paying him the nine cents which the company provides. He called for a good cigar but the best he could get was two for a quarter. Finally, some of his wealthy friends came down to the Island, guaranteed his ability to take care of himself and the Prince was once more in America.

This time the Prince was even more expansive. Sitting in his suite at the Ritz, clad all in brown, he told the world that he was en route to visit the Robert Goelets in Newport. He said that he found New York "a city of supine serfs, with blue laws and, worse still, blue customs which bind hand and foot the sons and daughters of Father Knickerbocker." Nevertheless he admitted that he loved it. When asked if he were looking for a rich wife, he said that he liked only athletic girls. The ideal female was to him one who could run 100 yards in two minutes, broad jump nine feet, play tennis and golf well, give him a good rubdown, and "kill" six out of ten pigeons at traps.

Hardly a day passed without a new story of the Prince's escapades; he was bounced out of Louis Martin's cabaret on Broadway for getting into a fist fight over money with a native New Yorker and he got into a tiff in the hotel lobby over something equally trivial.

But as yet there was not a real engagement on the horizon. Then suddenly the Prince appeared to have found his mate. Cleanhaven since his detainment in Ellis Island, just as nattily dressed as ever, the Prince eloped with Ruth Morgan Waters, daughter of the socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. G. Jason Waters, of Philadelphia, Palm Beach and New York. When Mr. Waters heard of the elopement, he denied it emphatically. Mrs. Waters said she knew nothing of it. But once the fact of the marriage was established, the Waters had to swallow their words.

It was difficult, for Jason Waters had threatened to run the Prince out of the country if he attempted to marry his daughter, claiming that he did not want him as a son-in-law. However, once he found that the Prince was his son-in-law, he forgave the eloping pair and gave his daughter a sumptuous home on Long Island for a wedding gift. She already had an independent income of her own.

The Prince and his bride settled in their large home in Long Island and it looked as if all were going to be smooth. But not for long. Soon after his wedding, "Prince Pig" declared himself an involuntary bankrupt, listing his assets as $887.28, of which 28 cents was in cash and the rest consisted of 14 suits, 40 shirts, 3 overcoats and some old wine. Against him were $35,000 in debts, consisting of $15,000 damages due in the death of Edward V. O'Connell whom he had run over and killed in a motor accident, $1,926.44 to the Ritz and $6,302 for furniture.

G. Jason Waters, who then took over the management of the Ambassador Hotel chain and believed in honest labor, was disgusted. He wanted his son-in-law to go to work, but the Prince could not see it that way. The war had cut off his income from foreign relatives, but his wife seemed to have plenty.

Consequently, the Prince took to doing what he liked best—speeding about Long Island in a high-powered car. The only trouble with his job was that he sped too fast and wrecked the State of New York with many fines. Then a brilliant idea struck him. Why not be a speed cop? He enlisted as a volunteer motor cop and sped around to his heart's content, catching unsuspecting motorists because he did not wear a uniform. The Long Islanders did not like the new cop and sent him threatening letters. Finally he resigned.

But G. Jason Waters still wanted his son-in-law to work. Finally he called him to his Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City to talk things over. He had a good proposition to offer. Let the Prince start at the bottom in the good old American way and maybe some day not so far distant he would manage a hotel. The Prince agreed, at a salary of $5 a day, and on the following Monday he punched the time-clock at the Ambassador Hotel in New York City.

For six consecutive days the Prince arrived at work at 7:30 in the morning, he helped lay carpets and rode chairs and tables around on little wagons. Each evening he was weary and each morning he went back. At the end of the week he collected the $30 but the next week he did not show up. Father-in-law Waters received the Prince's resignation and was more than ever certain that he was a success only as a misfit. But it was not the hard work that really disheartened the Noble Prince. It was merely the chaffing of the American workmen.

They could not resist the temptation to kid him and every day they thought of new epithets. They called: "Your Honor the King, give us a lift with this here chaise-longue." They addressed him as "Quince," "Prince Heir Again," "King Hoist." And the final blow came when a smart carpenter yelled: "A little lively there, Pig-Tail." That was the parting of the ways for the Ambassador and the Prince.

In 1923 Mr. Waters died from injuries received while riding horseback on the estate of the millionaire George W. Elkins, a relative of his wife, near Philadelphia. This seemed to put an end to the Prince's need to work or even excuse himself for not working. He, his wife and her mother set sail for France where Mrs. Waters took a home in Cannes. Again, all seemed to go well. The Prince was back at his hunting and his gaming. The Princess bore him a daughter, Marie Isabelle.

Then one day the fashionable world sat up and took notice. The Princess let it be known that she had filed suit for divorce in Paris. She went on to say that she wanted to marry a real "American citizen." Brows went up. The fashionable set knew that Ruth Morgan Waters had been a childhood sweetheart of Andrew Melville Reid, Jr., of Baltimore.

Reid was then in Europe, dickering around in the aeroplane business. How often he had seen Princess Pignatelli no one knew, but they did know of the sensational episode in the Biarritz Casino, about which spectators differ.

The Pignatellis had been sitting at a table in the Casino when Andrew Reid entered. Onlookers say that when Reid bowed to his old friend Ruth, the Prince in an unprincely manner murmured "skunk." Whereupon the Princess, in full view of the public, left the table where her husband was sitting and went to an adjoining one to sit with Reid.

Here certain spectators say they heard the Prince yell: "How about those jewels I gave you?"

Ruth then tore the gems from her neck and arms and threw them in the Prince's face, after which she calmly danced around the floor with Reid. But the Princess suddenly dropped her divorce proceedings and said the matter had been patched up.

But a different kind of peace now reigns between the Pignatellis. The Prince, apparently tired of his wife's threats to divorce him, decided to make a move himself. He instituted divorce proceedings on the grounds of desertion. The French courts granted a certain time for reconciliation. When no reconciliation appeared, they gave him a decree and they deprived Ruth Morgan Waters, the American society belle, of her title and of her child, both of which now belong exclusively to the Prince.

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Killed Wife To Save Her Soul

OF very deep religious feeling, Mr. John F. Hood believed that suicide was a sin in the eyes of God. And thus he was greatly distressed when his wife, an incurable invalid, at last said that she could stand it no longer and that she had decided to kill herself.

Hood had been devoted for years to his wife, whom he dearly loved, and now the thought of her destroying her chance of going to heaven preyed on his mind. Finally he decided that he cared more for his wife and her happiness in the world beyond the grave than he did for his own future life. He killed her with a hatchet, and when arrested for murder in Newcastle, England, frankly confessed and said that he realized that in insuring the innocence of his wife's soul, he had condemned himself to eternal punishment as a murderer.

Hood, a promising young member of a Newcastle firm of accountants, led an exemplary life and was a member of the church in the suburban village of Benwell, where he and his wife lived. They had been married since 1924, and he knew she had had epileptic seizures before that time, but both believed she had been cured of her disease. Four years after their marriage her trouble returned, she became partly paralyzed in one leg and she began to suffer from a disease of the nervous system, which the doctors said would end in insanity or death.

For the past three years Hood had helped to nurse her while her condition steadily grew worse. She knew there was no hope of her getting well, and she often told her husband that death would be a merciful release for her.

Fearing That His Illness-Tortured Wife Intended to Kill Herself, He Ended Her Life With a Hatchet as She Slept to Save Her Soul From the Sin of Suicide.

In her moments of deepest depression she told him that she intended to end her life. Hood could get no consolation either from the doctors, who said there was no hope for his wife, or from the minister of his church, who preached that self-destruction was a sin and that the soul of a suicide would be damned in the hereafter. In explaining to the police why he determined to kill his wife to save her from eternal punishment Hood said:

"For the past six months, owing to my wife's state of health, we have been occupying separate bedrooms. She was a very light sleeper, and found great difficulty in getting proper rest. On Wednesday my wife went to bed, leaving me downstairs in the dining room. I went to bed about 11:30 p. m. I could not get to sleep. I had not slept well for some time, thinking of my wife's health. Before she went to bed that night she had seemed very depressed and worse than she had been for some time.

"Between four and five o'clock in the morning I got out of bed. I put on an old pair of trousers. I went downstairs into the kitchen and got the hatchet, which was usually kept against the sink. I took it upstairs and went to my wife's bedroom. I don't think I put on any light. My wife was asleep. I was able to see the position of her head on the pillow as there were no blinds on the window and there is a street lamp at the back of the house. I struck her several blows on the head with the hatchet. She did not call out at all.

"The next I remember I was downstairs and turning on the gas in the oven. It was my intention to commit suicide this way, but I could not bring myself to do it. I turned off the gas. I went upstairs and got changed and washed myself, and packed a small suit-case and locked the house up, leaving by the front door between seven and eight o'clock.

"I'm glad it's over now. I loved my wife. We never had a quarrel, and it was to end her suffering that I did it. It was because I did not want her to die by her own hand with the sin on her soul, that I committed the sin for her sake."

While the police were investigating the murder, having decided at once that the missing husband was the guilty man, Hood was traveling around aimlessly from city to city. Six days later he was found in a hotel room in Sheffield, reading his Bible and praying. A Bible, open at the Book of Isaiah, also had been found at his wife's bedside.

From his prison cell Hood wrote letters to his grandmother and to the pastor of the little church he and his wife had attended, further explaining his crime. He said in his letter to the minister:

"I dared not run the risk of letting her go before her God with the sin of suicide on her soul. I loved her too much for that. So I resolved to do what I have done. My life is now almost ended, but I can find a certain measure of content in the knowledge that my darling is now with her God, pure and stainless. I can never see her again, but can only pray for mercy in the next world, and if my sin is too great for that, can only say: 'Thy will be done.' Is it too much to ask you to pray for me?"

To his grandmother he wrote of his wife's sufferings, and how he had determined to end them:

"It has driven me mad to see her suffering as she did through the past years and being unable to help her. She was so brave about it all. She was the finest and best wife a man ever had. Nobody but herself knew the tortures she went through with her nerves. Even I who saw most of all do not think I realized the full extent of her suffering. I could not let her go on as she was.

"The strain of showing a bright and cheerful face to the world was too great for her, and after, when we were alone, the reaction set in, and I knew that at some such time she would kill herself as she had threatened to do.

"Forgive me if you can," Hood pleaded, and his letter ended with the simple request: "Please put some flowers on her grave for me."

The Secret Of England's Strange "Elephant Man"

MANY queer stories have been told about England's mysterious "elephant man"—a strange human creature with the head and trunk and eyes of an elephant and feet exactly resembling an elephant's feet. But it was not until the appearance recently of a book by Sir Frederick Treves, the famous British surgeon, that the real facts and secrets of this unfortunate human monster were reliably revealed.

Passing a shop in the Whitechapel district one day, Sir Frederick saw a fantastic picture in striking colors hanging on a sheet of canvas which purported to be a drawing of an elephant man who could be seen for the admission price of five cents. The surgeon stepped in and was granted a private view on payment of a shilling. The showman pulled back the curtain and revealed a bent figure crouching on a stool and covered with a brown blanket. Speaking, as if giving an order to a dog, the showman called out sharply, "Stand up," and the thing arose slowly and let the blanket that covered his head and back fall to the ground.

A Famous British Surgeon Saw on the Street a Canvas Poster Showing in Lurid Colors the Figure of a Man With Head and Feet of an Elephant. Paying a Few Cents, He Went in and Investigated.

"In the course of my profession," Sir Frederick writes, "I have come upon lamentable deformities of the face, due to injuries or disease, as well as mutilations and contortions of the body depending upon like causes; but at no time had I met with such a degraded version of a human being as this lone figure displayed. He was naked to the waist, his feet were bare, he wore a pair of threadbare trousers that had once belonged to some fat gentleman's dress suit.

"The most striking thing about him was his enormous and misshapen head. From the brow there hung a huge bony mass like a loaf, while from the back of the head hung a bag of spongy, fungus-looking skin, the surface of which was comparable to brown cauliflower. On the top of the skull were a few long lank hairs. The bony growth on the forehead almost covered one eye.

"The circumference of the head was not less than that of the man's waist. From the upper jaw there projected another mass of bone. It protruded from the mouth like a pink stump, turning the upper lip inside out. This was referred to by the showman as a rudimentary trunk.

"The nose was merely a lump of flesh only recognized as a nose from its position. The face was no more capable of expression than a block of gnarled wood. From the back hung, as far down as the middle of the thigh, huge sack-like masses of flesh covered by the same cauliflower skin.

"The right arm was of enormous size and shapeless. It was overgrown also with pendent masses of the same cauliflower-like skin. The hand was large and clumsy—a fin or paddle rather than a hand. There was no distinction between the palm and the back. The thumb had the appearance of a radish, while the fingers might have been thick, tuberous roots. The other arm was normal. The lower limbs had the characters of the deformed arm. They were unwieldy, dropsical looking and grossly misshapen."

The bony mass that projected from the unfortunate man's mouth made clear speech impossible. This led the doctor to suppose at that time that the man was an imbecile whose name, he learned, was John Merrick.

The local authorities in London decided that the public exposure of Merrick was demoralizing and closed the show. The showman took him to Belgium and there once more the show was closed. The impresario having robbed Merrick of his paltry savings, gave him a ticket to London, put him into the train, and left him to starve. There was no refuge for him anywhere. He was worried by a vile mob and was rescued by the police. They had never had to deal with such an object and did not know what to do with him. They could not understand his speech. Fortunately he had in his pocket a card of Sir Frederick Treves and a messenger was dispatched to the London Hospital for the surgeon. Here he was given a bed and the hospital authorities kindly decided that he should not again be turned out into the world. There happened to be two empty rooms in the back of the hospital which were little used, and here he found a home.

The doctor set to work to understand his mentality. He learned his speech, which gave the poor fellow great satisfaction for he had a passion for conversation, yet all his life had had no one to talk to. The surgeon found Merrick remarkably intelligent. He had learned to read and had become a voracious reader. The Bible and Prayer Book he knew intimately, but the delight of his life was a love romance. He knew nothing of his father, but had some memory of his mother as a lovable lullaby-singing person. It was a favorite belief of his that she was beautiful. This was probably fiction, but it was a great joy to him.

Sir Frederick realized that it was necessary that he should make the acquaintance of men and women who would treat him as a normal and intelligent young man and not as a monster of deformity. The doctor felt women to be more important than men in bringing about his transformation. He had an admiration of women that attained almost to adoration. This was not the outcome of his personal experience. His idols were not real women, but the products of his imagination.

The doctor asked a friend, a young and pretty widow, if she thought she could enter Merrick's room with a smile, wish him good morning and shake him by the hand. She said she could, and she did. When she went away, Merrick bent his head on his knees and sobbed as if he would never stop. He said that this was the first woman who had ever smiled upon him, the first woman in the whole of his life who had shaken hands with him.

His case began to attract the attention of the outside world and society, with the result that he had a constant succession of visitors. He must have been visited by almost every lady of note in the social world. He became acquainted with duchesses and countesses and other women of high degree. They brought him presents, supplied him with books and left their photographs. He was not in the least puffed up but profoundly grateful and lost his shyness.

The height of his social career was reached when Queen Alexandra—then Princess of Wales—came to the hospital to pay him a special visit. She entered his room smiling and shook him warmly by the hand. Merrick was transported with delight. This was beyond even his most extravagant dream. Later she sent him her photograph.

He had a love of music, but unfortunately his mouth was so deformed that he could neither whistle nor sing. He was satisfied to express himself by beating time upon the pillow to some tune that was ringing in his head.

Merrick fell in love with every attractive woman he saw. He no doubt pictured himself the hero of many a romantic incident. His bodily deformity had left unmarred the instincts and feelings of his years. He would like to have been a lover, to have walked with the beloved object in the languorous shades of some beautiful garden and to have poured into her ear all the glowing utterances that he had rehearsed in his heart.

Merrick met a sudden death as a result of his deformity. Ordinarily he did not sleep lying down because his head was so large and so heavy. On the last night he determined to sleep like other people. The pillow was soft and his head, when placed on it, must have fallen far backwards and produced a dislocation of the neck, which caused his death.

To Teach Girls To Be Fascinating

A "CHARM SCHOOL" in which girls will learn to be fascinating and will practice their arts upon selected gentlemen is being established on the banks of the Thames near London. The founder is a little Frenchman, Francois Latour, who already has three such establishments running very charmingly in France and Italy. One of them is at Neuilly, on the Seine, and the others are near Milan and Rome, in Italy.

Professor Latour is a heart specialist, so to speak, a psycho-analyst of love, who believes that all pretty young things, and especially the young things who are not so pretty, should understand all the fine-spun psychology of love and courtship.

"Woman should be the fascinator—her business is marriage," declares M. Latour. "She must learn to appreciate her own best qualities and to develop them in order to make herself more attractive to men.

"My establishments are run more like girls' clubs than girls' schools. There are no chaperons. The girls must learn to depend upon their own sense of the fitness of things, rather than to feel that some older woman is 'checking up' on their deportment. The residents are girls between seventeen and twenty-three. They are free to invite outside girl friends to visit them at the school, but no married women.

"At the Thames-side house, as at our Neuilly establishment in France, the girls enjoy boating, bathing, tennis and dancing. Men callers are welcome to take part in all of these. Not only the girls' cousins and friends are invited, but any gentleman, upon satisfactory introductions—provided he is single.

"This is a School of Romance," Professor Latour continued, "where girls meet men of all kinds and callings, all of whom are gentlemen, of course, of good social standing. They may call themselves 'specimens,' if they like, but they will have a good time, while they are the subject of experiment, in the presence of charming girls. How charming, of course, will depend upon how well advanced the girls are in their fascination courses.

"The girls must learn to entertain and be at ease with these gentlemen guests. With such unique opportunities they rapidly become women of the world, schooled in the social graces and fully aware of and confident in their charms. I consider this equipment far more important to a girl than any other results of 'finishing' courses.

"My students first of all learn to dress. That is fundamental, as every woman knows, but every woman does not know what is wrong with her clothes or with the way she wears them. My Paris experts will tell them, and will teach them also the secrets of good posture and correct carriage. My professor of etiquette will school them in graceful deportment, and will show them that a charming reserve is often more important in winning the favor of a man than is a too liberal and forward exercise of 'charm,' so-called.

"My morning classes, with open discussion, will help the girls to train themselves to discriminate between different types of men. Too many girls 'don't really know' whether they like a man or not, because they are poor judges of men."

Did he consider it possible, Professor Latour was asked, that some of the pupils might make themselves so charming that their visiting male specimens would fall in love and marry them?

The Professor shrugged. "Ah, that! I am not averse to marriage as a direct result of any meeting at my School of Romance. But of course if any of my pupils got that good I should immediately call in their parents for advice and decision."

Eggs Now From "Contented Hens"

THE increased value of milk from "contented cows" has been demonstrated—cows given a scientifically balanced ration of food and housed in warm, clean, sunny, comfortable barns. And now science has turned its attention to the improved value of eggs laid by "contented hens."

The common egg from the farm used to be widely applauded. People in great numbers are still in the habit of going out from the cities in automobiles to nearby rural districts to buy eggs direct from the farmyard. These eggs cost quite as much as those sold in the cities and sometimes the price is higher, but they are esteemed worth extra money because of assured freshness.

But this supposed freshness is not always true. The farmer gathers his eggs day by day, and gets together a quantity of them for sale. Now and then a hen wanders off and sets up a nest under a bush and has laid ten or a dozen eggs before the farmer's boy or his alert dog discovers them. They are likely to be put in with the rest and sold to whomever comes along.

The farmer's hens are usually allowed the range of the farm, including the barns and hog pens. A hen by nature is a scavenger, and has nothing on a hog where her food is concerned, if allowed to wander freely. She will drink water out of cow and horse tracks where there is likely to be contamination. Foul water looks as good to her as clean water. She will eat any kind of filthy stuff because she is obliged by her owner to pick up a living wherever she can find it. And this foul food and foul water con-

The Old-Style Chicken Raiser Allowed His Hens to Range the Filthy Barnyard and Deposit Their Eggs Under Any Bush Where They Might Never Be Found.

tribute, on many farms, to produce eggs which may, perhaps, be contaminated with objectionable germs.

It is known that at least two diseases are transmitted through eggs. Both of these are poultry diseases. One of them, the so-called "pullorum" disease, is usually transmitted from one chicken generation to the next through the infection of the eggs laid by an infected hen. The other disease is bird tuberculosis, a disease similar to human tuberculosis, but probably not the same. The germ of the "pullorum" disease does no harm to human beings, but concerning bird tuberculosis the situation is not quite so clear. The germ of this form of tuberculosis has been found, in a few instances, in cases of human tuberculosis.

But whatever the facts may finally be determined in regard to disease germs in eggs, there is no question that the general quality of eggs may be affected by the diet, health and sanitary conditions of the hen which laid them. Such things as flavor, size, nutrition value are undoubtedly affected.

Then there is the matter of incubation; in other words, the process toward hatching. The common farm egg is fertile; it contains the germ of a chick that is to be. If this egg be kept for any length of time—even for a few days in a warm place—the process of incubation will begin. This is surely undesirable from the point of view of the consumer.

The germs in fertile eggs are often started toward incubation by hens sitting on them all day before they are gathered. The farmer puts them into a case and waits perhaps until Saturday to go to town and sell them to the produce dealer. The produce dealer grades and candles them, throws out the bad ones, and ships them to a retailer, in whose shop they are placed on sale as "strictly fresh." Actually some of them may be a couple of weeks old, or more.

The American farmer has been advised by poultry experts to see to it that his hens are kept away from the roosters, so that their eggs may not be fertile. It is a fact well known that non-fertile eggs will keep fresh much longer than fertile ones. He should see that his hens are allowed to roam only over a clean range and that they shall have clean food and clean water.

All these things are carefully attended to by the modern scientific methods of chicken raising and egg production. As explained recently in an article in The American Weekly, the scientific poultry raiser keeps each hen in a separate little compartment, where she cannot be annoyed by others. Exactly the right amount and the correct food ration is fed them and the chicks are raised on mesh wire, so that all droppings fall through into trays covered with paper. Every day the trays are pulled out, and the old papers replaced with new. The chicks are never allowed on the ground until they are twelve weeks old, when they are put out on fresh ground fenced in. They are fed from sanitary hoppers and water basins.

The up-to-date laying house has mesh wire on the floors and under the roosts, and the floors are cleaned and disinfected regularly. No roosters are allowed in the laying house. Only the purest of grains are used, with a "mash" of balanced ration, and sprouted oats for green feeds. Running water with automatic fountains supply the hens with pure water, and charcoal and powdered oyster shells (the latter for eggshell material) are provided.

The eggs produced by these well-fed, well-cared-for, "contented hens" have better flavor and better nutrition value than the eggs from the farmer's wandering flock are likely to have.

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Why Children Should be Spanked

Dr. Shrubsall, of the London County Council, Explains the Wrong-Headed Notions Which Have Discouraged the Old-Fashioned Spanking and Asserts That "This Punishment Must be Immediate and Should be Given In Anger"

Lillian Manton, a London Girl Who Got a Job As An Usher in a Movie Theatre Against Her Parents' Wishes, Was Discovered, Soundly Spanked by Her Father, and at Once Ran Away from Home and Won a Position as a Movie Star.

It Is Nature's Way, Dr. Shrubsall Asserts, to Punish a Child Promptly and Sharply If It Does Something Which Is Not for Its Best Good. And So, He Insists, a Child Is Being Deprived of Its Natural Right When a Parent or School Teacher Fails to Administer a Spanking, and Without Delay, When It Has Transgressed.

POLICE officials and judges in the courts have commented in alarm on the increasing number of young criminals. And Dr. F. C. Shrubsall, a child expert and senior medical officer of the school system of London, points out that one important reason for this situation is the lack of the old-fashioned spanking which formerly was used to train children to obedience and self-discipline.

Dr. Shrubsall asserts that the psychologists and neurologists are all wrong in the reasons they advance against spanking a child, and that it is not for the youngster's best good to protect him from this form of punishment. Not only is it a child's right to be spanked, but "this punishment must be immediate and should be given in anger," Dr. Shrubsall asserts.

The idea has spread rapidly among parents and been forced on teachers that the "enlightened way" to deal with a disobedient child is never to spank it, and many go so far as to deny that it should be punished in any manner whatever. Their theory is to wait until all-concerned have cooled down and then by appealing to its reason convince the child that it does not wish to repeat the offense.

This policy, Dr. Shrubsall explains, is not only futile but harmful because it is contrary to nature. The only justification lies in the occasional cases where children have been injured mentally and physically by unjust and brutal beatings. He says:

"The psychiatrist might see cases whose mental trouble could be traced back to the effects of punishment, but those who deal with delinquents see another side of the picture: people who were brought almost to the foot of the scaffold as a result of not having the right punishment at the right time."

Those who would reason with an unruly child instead of giving it a quick spanking, the quicker the better, base their method on a curious misunderstanding of the child, he points out. Nobody denies that every baby must learn a long list of self-restraints if he is to survive at all, and many more if he is to keep out of the hospital, prison and poorhouse. Nature has furnished every young animal, including the human cub, with just one method by which to learn—the "pleasure-pain" principle.

This is that things which give pleasant or comfortable sensations are to be repeated while those which give pain and discomfort are to be avoided. It is nature's method of teaching. But the pleasure or pain must come at once, otherwise the young animal or young child does not get the association and learns nothing from the experience.

The "non-spankers" assert that if one chastises a child, it becomes resentful and hates the parent or whoever made its skin smart. Dr. Shrubsall says that this is nonsense. The perfect illustration is that every child, in spite of warning, reaches for the pretty fire and is instantly punished by burnt fingers. It howls but it learns not to touch hot things, and the puppy learns the same lesson in the same way. Yet what man, woman or dog ever hated a nice warm fire?

"Treat the fire right and it will treat you right, if not it will punish you." This simple formula the child understands and is ready to apply to everything without resentments. If it pulls the cat's tail, the cat applies punishment right then and there, yet it is a rare child that does not like cats and most all other animals. If he abuses his little playmate, he will get prompt punishment in the form of a slap or bite. Otherwise he has little respect for that "sissy," nor has he for a parent whom he can bully and abuse.

If every offense brought its own punishment, prompt and automatic, parents and teachers would never need to raise a hand or even give warnings. Unfortunately civilization has filled the world with many exceptions to this pleasure-pain rule, some of them fatal. It would hardly do to let a child learn by experience that it is wrong to run in front of an automobile or tumble out the window. In such cases the pain comes too late. Therefore, it becomes the duty of the child's guardian to furnish him a sample of the pain before the accident. Of course there are some children of amiable, tractable character who seldom transgress and a gentle reprimand is enough.

The parent who imagines he can correct his child's disobedience by reasoning must imagine that it has a reasonable mind such as it actually will not have until maturity. The reason the lesson of the fire is learned so perfectly is because there is no reasoning, it is instantaneous and infallible as should be the parental slap or spank.

Says Dr. Shrubsall:

"Only when the result was immediate could the necessary association be set up. A delayed punishment or a subsequent deprivation was to the young child either unnoticed or else just one of those inexplicable things that were constantly happening. An immediate smack set up an association which would be remembered.

"Punishment must be immediate and should be given in anger. The emotion of anger is quite well understood by the child, and has no ill-effects, but reasoning with it and giving it time for reflection might alarm it considerably by threatening its sense of home security. The habit of absolute obedience must be established before school age but punishment should never be given for honest experiments. The child must learn the difference between the command that has to be obeyed and the mere suggestion that might be ignored."

The time for a parent to use reason and also all the judgment he has, is when the child has unintentionally disobeyed. Then, indeed it will listen to reason because it is interested to know what went wrong, just as it does when a skate comes off unexpectedly. To a child the essential thing in a command is often not at all what the parent had in mind. A small boy may be forbidden to associate with the dirty and disreputable Sammy Snooks only to appear the next day with his bigger, dirtier and more disreputable brother. In that case the trouble is that the parent, having explained why Sammy was objectionable, and perhaps his father and mother, neglected to name his brother, because she did not know he had one.

The higher animals, such as the dog, cat, monkey and bird, chastise their offspring and therefore are not "enlightened parents." To the non-spanker, the ideal parent in all nature must be the fish. The fish, having attended to the hatching, and some don't even bother that much, leaves the young to shift for themselves without any corrections or repressions at all. The great majority are gobbled up in the first few days or weeks but that does not matter because they are spawned by the thousand. The higher animals cannot be so wasteful with their small litters.

The child's behavior at the table ought to teach any parent that it learns no lesson from reasoning or experience unless cause and effect come together. If the youngster helps itself to a mouthful of salt or pepper the automatic punishment given by the salt itself is so prompt that the experiment is not repeated. The sugar bowl and jam jar bring worse punishment but it comes an hour or so later and, as far as the child's rules of evidence are concerned, might just as well be blamed to the spinach. But if the sugar bowl comes to be associated with a quick slap on the wrist, it becomes something to be avoided like the stove and the salt cellar.

Deferred punishment or lectures, Dr. Shrubsall considers not only vain but harmful. In the first place it is not natural, as the parent's own instinct tells him. The parent seeing a child wilfully disobey him, feels a flash of anger which moves him to chastise the rebel as quick as he can reach him. Sudden and brief anger, expressing itself in action, followed by forgiveness and normalcy, is one of the few things a parent can exhibit which the child understands perfectly and thinks reasonable. What it cannot understand is a cold-blooded "post mortem" delivered perhaps hours later, when it is asked:

"Don't you realize that your disobedience hurts mother?"

His real answer to that silly question is, "If it hurt why didn't you hit me when I did it?"

One of the surest ways to convince a child that his parent is either not telling the truth or a fool, is to say, when administering punishment, "This hurts me more than it does you."

Whenever that classic utterance is true, Dr. Shrubsall thinks that it means the parent's anger has had time to cool, therefore it is too late for the punishment to do anything but harm. The youngster's idea of just punishment is: "Do it now or forget it."

Armed with a Photograph, Widely Printed, of Mrs. Woodside, Who Sent Home for Her Smock and a Cake of Soap to Scrub Her Cell, the Boys and Girls of the Neighborhood Warned Their Mothers and Fathers to Beware How They Laid Hands on Them or They Would See To It That Their Ma and Pa Also Went to Jail.

Sixteen-Year-Old Lorene Woodside, Who Was Spanked By Her Mother with a Coat Hanger, Went to Court with Her Complaint — and Later on Returned Home and Admitted That Her Mother Was Justified in Spanking Her.

Like most other authorities, Dr. Shrubsall finds that by the age of seven, a child has largely been molded for good or bad and during that plastic age, the child mind reacts in much the same way as that of a puppy. If a puppy manages to get away after his offense and has to be chased around the yard before it is chastised, the little offender thinks his offense was in getting caught.

This is exactly the idea held by the average young criminal. As he sits behind the bars for the first time he deeply and sincerely regrets the error that betrayed him to the police and resolves to plan better next time, but for the crime itself he hasn't the slightest repentance.

One of the cruelest injuries done to a child, Dr. Shrubsall finds, is to frighten it into good behavior by a "bogey man," who is often the father. When the youngster misbehaves, instead of dealing with the uprising with an honest spanking at the time, the soft-hearted mother is often tempted to threaten the dreadful things the father will do when he comes home and learns how bad his little boy has been. The child dreads this all day and learns to fear and hate his father who is entirely ignorant of the matter.

When the dreaded hour comes, the mother, satisfied with the "moral effect" of her threat, usually says nothing, thereby making a merciful heroine of herself and the father a villain in the child's eyes. Perhaps even more dangerous and wrongheaded is the mean trick of pointing to the good-natured policeman making his rounds, and whispering that if the youngster does not behave, the officer will take him away to the terrible police station. When a boy thus threatened grows up with a hatred of the police and all the things he represents, the mother cannot imagine how he got that way.

A spoiled child is a candidate for prison, but the child-spoilers are by no means confined to irresponsible and pleasure-loving parents. Many of the worst offenders are deeply religious persons who in other matters follow Biblical precepts most carefully. Yet if any message in the Bible is clear and repeated so often that nobody can miss the warning it is to apply corporal punishment to the child whenever needed.

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son," Prov. 13-24, has passed into the more modern proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

And the same proverb continues: "But he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." And again, apparently as a special warning to indifferent or softhearted mothers:

"A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Prov. 29, 15. And again in Prov. 19, 18, is a warning to parents who spoil their children and keep rescuing them from the consequence of their misdeeds:

"Chasten thy son while there is hope and let not thy soul spare for his crying . . . for if thou deliver him, yet thou must do it again."

And what have the children, the "spankees," to say on the subject? Naturally no normal person yearns to be whipped and everyone wants to escape that or any other consequence of his misdeeds. But Dr. Shrubsall has asked a great many boys whether they preferred to be whipped or undergo some of the more "humane and enlightened" forms of correction, such as staying after school, having to write their fault down 1,000 times, listening to a long lecture or deprivation of privileges. The great majority of the boys said that they would rather take a licking and get it over with but they thought the other "namby-pamby" methods were better suited to girls. Unfortunately the doctor did not ask the girls how they felt about it.

But the results of spankings are not always what are expected. Thus, pretty Lillian Manton, a stage-struck English girl, was told to keep away from theatres because of their demoralizing influence. In spite of her parents' commands, Lillian got a job as usher at a movie house, but happened to be recognized by a friend of the family who led the girl back to her home.

Papa Manton, a conservative English working man, with a horror of stage life, at once administered a resounding rebuke to daughter Lillian in the old-fashioned way, and on the customary part of her anatomy. But the spanking brought neither repentance nor discouragement. Lillian ran away from home, and this time secured a job in a movie studio, and attracted the eye of a big movie director, who gave her a contract as leading lady in a picture he was about to produce. As Lillian stepped on the train to leave for the South of France, with a maid and a wardrobe of clothes, she telephoned her parents the news.

In this case, the spanking turned out for the girl's best good, in an unexpected way. It lifted her out of the precarious job of usher at a theatre, pushed her to the door of a producing studio, and made her a film star—and Papa Manton, with considerable family pride, forgave his spanked daughter.

Judge Raymond MacNeile of the Philadelphia Juvenile Court recognized the salutary value of a sound spanking administered by parents. He sentenced a twelve-year-old and a fourteen-year-old delinquent who had broken into a grocery store and stolen $47, to be spanked forty-seven times by their respective fathers, remarking:

"Small errors in boyhood, if not corrected, may lead to serious crimes in later life. Nothing is truer than the old adage, 'spare the rod and spoil the child.' It might also be said in the case of some almost incorrigible children that 'a spanking a day keeps the policeman away.'"

Mrs. Charles Woodside of Kansas City, Kansas, not long ago spanked her sixteen-year-old daughter Lorene, and the young woman, smarting from the whipping which was applied with the maternal bare hand, as well as with a coat hanger, ran to the municipal judge and complained. The mother was summoned for trial, and Mrs. Woodside insisted that what she had done she did not regret and that it was for the best good of her child. She was fined $100, but the resolute mother insisted on going to jail in protest against what she regarded as an unjust decision of the court.

And then trouble started throughout the families of the neighborhood. Armed with a photograph, widely printed, of Mrs. Woodside, who sent home for her smock and a cake of soap to scrub her cell, the boys and girls of the neighborhood warned their mothers and fathers to beware how they laid hands on any of them or they would see to it that ma and pa also went to jail.

And as a sequel to all this, Lorene, patron saint and heroine of all the youngsters of the neighborhood, begged her mother's forgiveness with tears, admitted that Mrs. Woodside was quite right, and said that the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother" had been forcibly brought home to her by that spanking and the term in jail of the person who was really her best friend.

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Who, When and Why Vassar Girls Marry

Interesting Investigation by the College to Find Out How the Girl-Graduate Meets Her Man and What Circumstances and Influences Decide Her to Marry Him

Blodgett Hall, One of the Classroom Buildings of Famous Vassar College.

Kathleen Millay, Vassar Graduate, Who Wrote a Book, "Against the Wall" Which Caused a Great Hubbub in Collegiate Circles.

The Graduating Class of Vassar, About 230 Young Women Shown With Their Escorts At the Senior "Prom" Held Recently in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Not Every Girl Will Marry Her Escort, and About One Out of Four Will Not Marry at All.

West Point Military Academy Nearby Holds the Largest Number of Eligible Young Husbands In the Neighborhood, But These Future Generals Do Not Have Much Success In Picking Wives from Vassar.

Students at Vassar's Newest Building, the Skinner Hall of Music.

HOW and where do the young college women of today meet the men who are to be their husbands? And are the social habits of today different from the social relations of their mothers in earlier graduating classes? Three out of every four Vassar graduates marry — how does she meet her man?

It was decided to investigate these questions, and a recent survey of Vassar College graduates has just been completed by Miss Frances Mitchell, a Vassar senior of this year's graduating class. A questionnaire was formulated and research was caried out in Professor Joseph K. Folsom's Department of Sociology. In the courses he conducts he aims to take up questions which are exactly pertinent to the problems of today, so that students may be as successful in the "business" of marriage as they have been in occupations outside the home. As a result of the answers to the questionnaires, some interesting things have been developed, some of which were quite a surprise and are contrary to the commonly believed notions of how girls happen to meet their husbands.

This was the questionnaire:

We are attempting to ascertain whether college girls tend to marry those in home locality or those who reside elsewhere.

Address is here meant to designate the place in which one spends the greater part of the year.

1. At the time that you met the man who later became your husband what was your address?

2. What was your parents' address at this time?

3. What was the address at this time of the man who later became your husband?

4. What was his parents' address at this time?

5. In what place did you meet him?

6. Under what circumstances did you meet him (i. e., cruise, work, house party)?

7. Since your marriage have you lived:

(a) In the same town with either parental family?

(b) In a different town from either parental family?

(c) In the same home establishment with either parental family?

Vassar College is located at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the West Point Military Academy is within easy access on the other side of the Hudson River. West Point cadets are frequently seen in the Vassar College campus, and Vassar girls are invited across to the Military Academy social events. It would be natural to suppose that these young men in uniform and living for four years so close to the famous girls' college, would have a sort of special preferred chance.

But West Point cadets do not fare very well in getting Vassar brides. It is an old Vassar tradition that when a cadet visits Vassar College for a week-end, the Vassar girl foots all the bills, meals, hotel and prom tickets. Many of the young women are fed up on this after four years of entertaining the future generals. And, apparently, many Vassar girls do not look forward to marrying second lieutenants, as the army still pays good money but not much of it.

The Sociology office is housed in the Blodgett Hall of Euthenics, which was given to the College a few years ago by Minnie Cumnock Blodgett of the class of 1884. Euthenics is defined by Miss Blodgett as follows: "Euthenics in terms of science means science-for-our sakes as against science-for-its-own sake, and, in terms of art, the application of beauty to environment: to personal and social relations."

Miss Mitchell, a resident of Yonkers, N. Y., and Sharon, Conn., sent questionnaires to three groups of alumnae of Vassar to determine whether college girls tend to marry men in their home locality or those who reside elsewhere.

The three groups of alumnae questioned were graduates of the classes *from* 1869 to 1891, from 1904 to 1909, and 1925 to 1931. When the returns were counted it was found that only 10 per cent of the two older groups, and 13 per cent of the youngest group, made their acquaintances through work or study. This would suggest that occupational propinquity is not as effective as some people think in leading to marriage.

Meetings in church work declined from 14 per cent in the 1870s to 4 per cent and then 2 per cent in the last years. This leads to the conclusion that Vassar girls do not spend as much time in church work or else the type of their ideal has changed from 1870 to 1933. Could it be that the athletic Adonis has come into his own in these last years?

The home-town boy has remained constant all this time, it seems. The lad who courted his girl through grade school, high school and still on through college has been able to maintain the same grasp on the affections of his choice. The 29 per cent of the early group who married childhood sweethearts were still marrying them in 1931.

The most important point that the survey proves is that the great bulk of Vassar marriages was, and still is, made through social and residential rather than vocational situations. Family connections, meetings through friends and travel accounted for more than half of the Vassar romances. In the seventies 46 per cent of the Vassar graduates were meeting their men through social contact and the percentage is 58 per cent in the second group and then 60 per cent in the last.

Miss Mitchell, in her survey, comments on the statistics which she has drawn up by saying that they suggest probable trends, which the author would like to see followed up and proved or disproved. For it appears that:

1. Propinquity plays as large a part in determining the marriages of college women as it does in the marriages of the population as a whole.

2. The factor of propinquity in determining marriages is not much affected by ease in travel.

3. Propinquity of the sexes at the marriageable age plays a more important part in determining marriages than does familiar propinquity.

4. Social relationships and events of college life do not play a large part in determining the marriages of college graduates.

5. Introduction through mutual friends is the most common means by which college women meet their future husbands.

6. Married women show an increasing tendency to settle down in the same locality with one or both of the parental families. This is as yet only at the fifty per cent level.

7. Less than 10 per cent of the married college graduates live in the same home establishment with either parental family and at present there seems to be a certain stigma attached to doing this.

"I would not be surprised," said Miss Mitchell, "if the depression were the cause for most of the affirmatives in this last group. Most of them give an apologetic explanation, and one young woman answered, 'Never, God forbid.' Of course, it may be that the older women feel just as strongly opposed to the idea, but do not wish to express themselves so frankly."

Figures obtained by the Economics Department at Vassar and published in the Vassar Alumnae Quarterly show, as already stated, that 75% of Vassar graduates marry. It follows therefore that one out of four does not marry, but prefers to make a career for herself in some other line—teachers, college professors or business executives, and many have taken up art, music, the drama, while still others follow the professions of law, medicine and journalism.

It seems that a college girl is just as easily swayed by the attention of the swain who happens to be living near her at the marriagable age as is any young woman of the population as a whole — college graduate or not. Even the matter of home locality does not play such an important part in determining the choice of a husband as does the factor of propinquity at the marriageable age.

For only 32 per cent of the whole group questioned answered that both parental families *lived* in the same locality, while 55% of them lived in the same locality with their *future* husbands at the time they met. The percentage has remained practically the same for the three groups *questioned*—for the mothers of five years ago and their daughters of today. This is rather surprising as the lay mind would suppose that the ease of travel which the mass of today enjoys and her freedom from parental domination would have a greater effect on her choice of an ideal mate.

The greater freedom and emancipation of the present day, as compared with the Seventies, has been responsible for the rapid increase in the number of women introduced to their husbands by mutual friends. In the 1869 to 1880 group this accounted for only 28% of the marriages, while in the last it had risen to 49%. In present day American life there is more opportunity for social intercourse between the sexes. Young women now have a much wider circle of acquaintances outside the home, and the present methods of travel allow much more frequent meetings between friends.

The statistics seems to bear out the theory that as girls tend to leave the home at the marriageable age they tend to marry the men introduced through mutual acquaintances rather than to marry those they have known all their lives.

The role which Vassar social connections play in the marriages of Vassar graduates is contrary to common thought on the subject, Miss Mitchell believes. Events of college life have a relatively small influence on the marriages of these college women compared with the influence of society beyond the campus gates. Only about 11% of Vassar marriages are a direct result of Vassar connections.

However, this slight rise in the percentage in the third group indicates that the innovation of more modern social functions on the campus and some relaxation in college regulations in the last few years tend to bring about a broader social life within the gates of the institution.

Today a college girl is permitted to dine with a young man "*off* campus" at a number of approved places. Vassar Inn on Collegeview Avenue, just opposite Taylor Gate, is very popular. Cary's, The Flag Shop, and the Alumnae House are all within walking distance of the college. Downtown there is the Chimney Corner and Smith Brothers' Restaurant, which was popular with the mothers of the graduates of today.

Students are not required to be in their dormitories until 10 o'clock and may stay out until 11 o'clock if they have "signed out" for a late movie. With special permission and proper chaperons Vassar girls may attend social functions in Poughkeepsie. The rules of today even permit a Vassar Senior to go motoring with a masculine friend if accompanied by another Senior.

Among the social activities on the campus which are popular at the female institution on the Hudson are the Saturday night informal dances, held at intervals throughout the year. Men visiting girls at the college for the week-end are especially invited to these affairs in Students' Hall. There they become the property of everyone; the unusual situation cropping up whereby the girls do the "cutting in" on the men for dances. A social career may be made in an evening, for the man who gets the biggest "rush" has his popularity established. It might be unfair to mention here the amount of racketeering that sometimes goes on in order to assure a visiting collegian a successful evening. By prearrangement the girl's friends have each guaranteed her guest at least one "cut in."

During the college season New York City serves as a meeting place for students of schools within a considerable radius. There, in the company of friends of the family or room-mates and their friends, they are able to enjoy the entertainments which the metropolis has to offer: an evening at the theatre or a matinee at the opera. A tea dance at the Ritz or an evening at the Pennsylvania Roof is an occasion for meeting new acquaintances of the opposite sex.

Sometimes more than one Vassar girl has married the same man. An outstanding instance was Inez Milholland, a graduate of the class of 1909, who became distinguished as a leader in the woman's suffrage movement and married Eugen Boissevain. After her death Mr. Boissevain became the husband of Edna St. Vincent Millay, who graduated from Vassar in 1917.

The present Mr. and Mrs. Eugen Boissevain live quietly on a farm at Austerlitz, New York. The husband, by his own choice, does all the work about the place, while Edna Millay composes her immortal verse.

Kathleen Millay, younger sister of Edna St. Vincent, who attended Vassar from 1919 to 1921, recently published a book, "Against the Wall," which aimed to expose the inhibitions and limitations imposed upon students at the college.

The heroine of Kathleen's book is a girl who goes off to a college which was recognized as Vassar, and there she found petting parties, crushes, faculty prejudices and snobbishness of every variety in addition to hampering rules and regulations. But the book was criticized as inaccurate and exaggerated.

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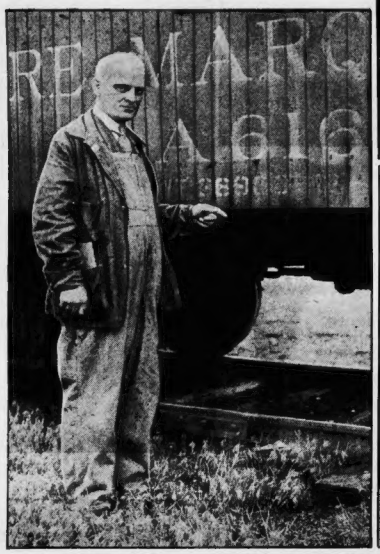
Mrs. Robin Redbreast and Her Private Car

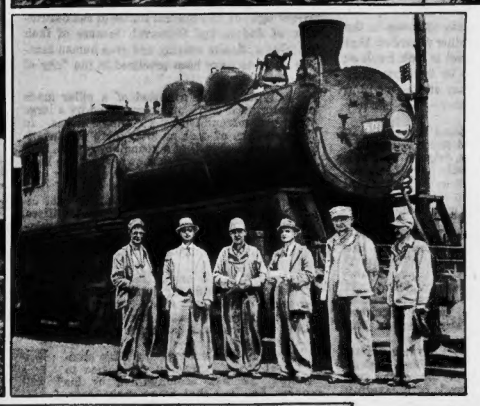
Blodgett, Conductor of a Michigan Freight Train, Saw the Mother Bird Flying Frantically Alongside, When the Train Stopped Found a Nest With Three Eggs, the Division Superintendent Was Notified and the Order Came Back: "Use Extra Caboose Until Robin Is Done With Car"

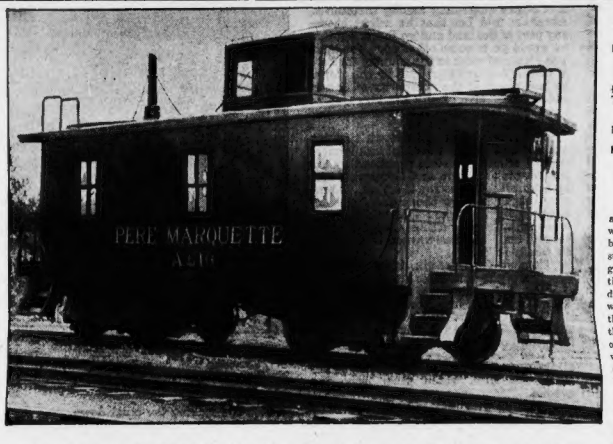
General Agent Charles A. Wilkins At His Desk In the Benton Harbor Station, Waiting for Orders from Division Headquarters As to What To Do About the Robin's Nest.



Conductor Roy Blodgett, Who Discovered the Nest, Is Shown Standing Outside the Car and Pointing to the Location of Mrs. Robin's Nursery.

Photograph of Mrs. Robin's Nest With the Three Eggs In It, Taken by Placing a Mirror Behind the Nest. It Was a Skilfully Constructed Bit of Architecture, Solidly Built On the Main Beam of the Car, Beneath the Floor, and So Firmly Established That It Did Not Shake Loose and the Nest So Deep and Well-Cushioned That the Eggs Were Not Damaged by the Motion of the Car Traveling Over the Rails.





Train Crew of the Benton Harbor-Hartford, Michigan, Freight Train Standing Beside Engine No. 501. From Left to Right They Are Brakeman Webster, General Agent Wilkins, Locomotive Engineer Wilcox, Conductor Blodgett, Brakeman Salsbury and Fireman Peck.

Freight Train Caboose No. 616 Standing Isolated On a Sidetrack in the Benton Harbor Railroad Yard, Under the Division Superintendent's Order: "Use Extra Caboose Until Robin Is Done With Car."

"A ROBIN is chasing us."

Freight-conductor Roy Blodgett called Charles Webster, his rear-brakeman, to the window of the caboose where they watched the unusual behavior of the bird.

It was just the regular afternoon train of "empties" pulling out of the Pere Marquette yards at Benton Harbor, Michigan, for the eighteen-mile run to Hartford. Being a freight train, neither man nor bird was supposed to want to catch it because it would not do them any good if they did.

Yet here was a robin redbreast fluttering about the faded old caboose as anxiously as an old lady who has discovered that she has left something on a departing train.

"What do you suppose that bird wants?" wondered the conductor.

"Maybe there's a nice fat caterpillar on the roof," thought the brakeman.

"No," said the conductor, who had once kept chickens, "it's looking down at the wheels. A bird turns its head sidewise when it is looking at you. By George! It's looking right at us now. What's the matter, old lady—did you forget your umbrella?"

The two men observed the robin with only mild curiosity as it easily kept up with the train's slow progress through the yard. But out on the main line, the engineer opened up the throttle a bit, heading into a stiff breeze that soon had the bird in difficulties.

It was impossible to watch such frantic efforts without sympathy. Only a great anxiety would make a creature strive so hard and the two men became concerned at this hopeless pursuit. Soon the train began to pull away from the tired bird which at last gave up. Their last view of it was a forlorn little spot of red resting on the dead branch of a tree, close to the right of way.

"I'll bet she's got a nest under us," said the brakeman.

"That's what I think," agreed Blodgett. "But what can you do about it?"

"I can't do anything," answered Webster, "but you are the conductor."

Blodgett looked at him resentfully. Why does everybody hand responsibility up to the man just above him? He didn't want that heart-broken mother bird on his conscience. It was true that he was the boss of that train, but a conductor who interfered with a railroad's freight schedule for a robin would not be a conductor very long.

"We will take a look at the first stop," he said. That stop came within another mile. Up at the other end of the train somebody "got a hunch" that one of the journal boxes was running hot so they stopped to make sure, stopped with such a jerk that the conductor prophesied, "There go the eggs, if there are any."

Out jumped Blodgett and Webster to peer under their caboose. Sure enough, there it was, just beneath the flooring in a corner made by the main beam and a side beam. It was wedged firmly and so strongly and neatly built of the type of graze to be found near the yard, that the job aroused the respect of these mechanically - minded men. Closer inspection revealed that it contained three pale blue eggs.

The two men were still staring under the caboose when their attention was brought back to the railroad business by a series of short, peevish toots from the locomotive. The engineer and fireman were staring at them from the cab window and the front brakeman yelled:

"What's the matter—got a hot-box down there?"

"No," Blodgett shouted back, "It's a bird's nest. Go easy, will you."

Then he waved the go ahead signal and the train proceeded. A few minutes later there was clumping of boots overhead and Front Brakeman Ward Salsbury appeared in the caboose.

"What was that you yelled about?" he wanted to know. "It sounded like a 'bird's nest.'"

"That's what I said," replied Blodgett.

"What is a bird's nest?" asked Salsbury, who thought it was a new railroad expression. They told him, he ascended the little iron ladder and returned to his end of the train. Not long after there was another stop, but this time it was done gently, smoothly and artistically. Engineer Charles Wilcox was "heading out the air" as skilfully as if he were bringing in an eighteen-hour flyer full of big business man, instead of a string of empty boxes and flats.

Blodgett and Webster took the occasion to assure themselves that the eggs were still there. Presently they were joined by Salsbury and Fireman Howard Peck, who explained that they had been sent back by the engineer to see if it was really true. Having verified the story, the train continued its journey to Hartford where the switching engineer was told to be gentle with the caboose as he broke up the train and hitched the empties onto a new one.

Of course he had to know what was "so sacred about that faded old crumb box" and, being told, had to see for himself. When he had finished his work he took another look so nobody could say that he had broken any of the eggs. Passengers who have had their heads almost jerked off would have been surprised to see what a switch engineer can do when he is in a gentle mood. Everyone else in the yard examined those three eggs.

On the run back to Benton Harbor, they watched hopefully to see if the robin would be waiting for them where she had given up the chase, but the dead branch was empty. How could she know that the train that had kidnaped her eggs would return that afternoon? Back in the yard the caboose was carefully replaced in exactly the same spot on the storage track from which it had been taken. Hardly had it come to a stop than there was a whirring of wings, a flash of red and something dived under the old caboose. Peeking carefully, not to disturb her, they could see the mother sitting on her eggs as placidly as if nothing had happened.

The whole yard became interested.

The story spread through the division until the number of men and women who were concerned about that bird and its problems was astonishing. They all seemed to think something should be done for it. Of course, the robin used bad judgment in picking railroad rolling stock for a quiet home, but somebody found a defense even for that. It was remembered that last year a robin, probably this same one, had nested under a flat car in the yard. The car had not been needed until the brood had been safely hatched and out of the nest. The men in the yard had not only permitted it but encouraged her by chasing cats and crows away from the nest.

This established something of a precedent, and Conductor Blodgett was told that he ought to do something right away before the eggs hatched into fledgelings, which would surely fall out and be killed while the train was in motion.

Sure! Fine! But how was he going to do it? He did not own the railroad, and that was the only caboose available for that train. Blodgett carried his problem to Charles A. Wilkins, whose many years as operator, train dispatcher and general agent gave him a veteran's experience. Wilkins took a look at the nest, walked thoughtfully back to his office, stared at the telegraph key a long time and then suddenly grabbed it. He was doing a "nervy" thing, as he called the General Rapids office of J. G. Grigware, superintendent of the Chicago-Petoskey Division.

One is not permitted to clutter up a main line wire with unnecessary words. There was no chance to work on the busy man's sympathies. Briefly, baldly, he explained the situation, ending with this request:

"We want caboose retired from service temporarily, and, besides, it needs repairs."

There was a pause while Blodgett and Wilkins stared apprehensively at the silent key. A division superintendent is a high executive with great authority and an iron disciplinarian who sees to it that there is no fooling in the life-and-death business of running a railroad. Because of their proverbial sternness, railroads call them "brass collars." In these dark days for the roads the best thing they do is say "no" to all but the most necessary requests. What would he say to this frivolous one?

Presently the key spoke. Yes, he would send them an extra caboose on the fast Chicago freight, the next afternoon. It ended with the words:

"Use extra caboose until robin is done with car."

The message was typed and Blodgett gleefully showed it to hundreds of people, causing much pleased comment. Here was a "brass collar" with a heart. Whether Wilkins really thought the repairs were needed or the superintendent believed him might not stand a Senatorial investigation, but everyone approved.

Next day, there was quite an imposing welcoming committee for a mere freight train and, alas, it carried only its own caboose. Blodgett was mortified. They told him his "brass collar" had been kidding him. But railroad executives don't "kid" about their business, and next day he looked again hopefully when the Chicago freight came clanking in. Again a disappointment.

"You bet Grigware ordered that caboose and thinks we got it," said Wilkins, "and I'm going to tell him."

He did it in two words:

"Caboose unarrived."

"Will arrive tomorrow or I'll know why," snapped back the key. Arrive it did. Old Caboose No. 616 was promptly laid to rest on the storage track and kept there until Mrs. Robin Redbreast had hatched out three promising youngsters, taught them to fly, pull worms out of the earth and the other essentials of education before turning them loose in the world to earn their own livings.

Later it was reported why the extra caboose had been delayed. Old "Grig," true to his word, had sent the order and it had been obeyed. A caboose had been placed ready to be picked up by the train, but before this arrived it fell victim to railroad red tape and efficiency. Some demon inspector found something wrong and ordered it into the repair shops, but did not see that another was found to replace it.

The men at the Benton Harbor yards were glad indeed when the nest was empty at last, because all day they had been obliged to switch cars with a few hundred curious visitors under foot, all eager to see "Mrs. Robin's private car." This was ticklish business, because, though these people had no business there, if any had been hurt they would surely have sued the road and almost as surely have collected damages. Yet, to keep them out seemed almost impossible.

The question arises as to whether the "brass collar" used good judgment from a financial point of view in tying up a piece of rolling stock for sentimental reasons in these days when roads are having all they can do to keep out of bankruptcy. There seems little doubt that Mr. Grigware made a good decision from every angle. Had he refused the request, a good many people, probably thousands, would have felt offended and might have shown their resentment by traveling and shipping by truck or over another line.

As long as an extra caboose was available, it cost the road almost nothing to please the worried bird and her host of almost equally worried friends. Good-will is a recognized asset which corporations sometimes pay millions to acquire. The quick-thinking division superintendent may have won enough of it for his road to be worth a whole train of cabooses.

However, it would hardly do for the feathered tribe to get the habit of thinking any piece of rolling stock is theirs to commandeer for a home. So next Spring Conductor Blodgett and the other boys at the yards are going to appoint themselves as nest inspectors. If any birds are seen starting home-building under cars they will be discouraged and, if possible, their activities transferred to some bird houses to be built for the purpose.

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Searching the Ruins of Wic

Evidence Found of the Evil Practices Which Exasperated the Lord t Fire," and Interesting Relics and Personal Trinkets of the In

A Bowl on Which a Serpent in Ceramic Has Been Designed.

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IN THE Book of Genesis the Bible says:

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven, and He overthrew those cities and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities."

It is one of the most dramatic episodes in the Old Testament. And it is further recorded that Lot's wife, who was warned not to look back at the spectacle, was overcome by feminine curiosity, turned her head to gaze at the burning cities, and was instantly punished—"she became a pillar of salt."

Now the ruins of those two wicked "cities of the plain" have been located and many interesting relics of the friends, relatives, neighbors or fellow citizens of Lot and his wife have been recovered—household articles and personal ornaments of people whose evil lives exasperated Jehovah and brought upon them a swift and terrible vengeance.

Indeed, the evidence has now been uncovered to explain why God was infuriated with the people of these cities and what some of their evil practices were. Not only have altars been found showing they were idolaters, and evidence that they were serpent worshipers but, worst of all, it is evident they practiced human sacrifice. Skulls and bones of infants were found in jars on the sacrificial altars.

It is Father Alexis Mallon, a French priest, and Director of the Pontifical Biblical Society in Palestine, who has located the site of the two cities and has conducted the work of excavation which has yielded such interesting results. Other Bible students have searched for the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah without results, and the theory has been widely accepted that the Dead Sea may have extended its area and covered up the spot where once the ancient cities were located.

But Father Mallon was not satisfied with this theory, and he carried his search back to the northern shores of the Dead Sea. It was many years before his patience and zeal were rewarded. Striking camp one evening with an exploring party which he had taken to a small hill called by the natives Teleilat Gazzul, the scientist was driving stakes into the ground for his own tent when he was astonished to see lying on the ground some stone implements which he recognized at once as belonging to an age five thousand years distant. They were instruments of the Stone and Bronze Ages and had been used by men who lived there at least prior to 3000 B. C.

At last in 1933, after five thousand years of darkness and silence, men are walking again in the streets of Sodom. Father Mallon has uncovered the ruins of the largest city ever excavated in Palestine, and he believes Sodom and Gomorrah were twin cities, so close together as to be virtually one. There is evidence that they were actually destroyed by "fire and brimstone," as related in Genesis, a combination of earthquake and its resulting fires and an explosion of oil and natural gas, which occur plentifully in this region.

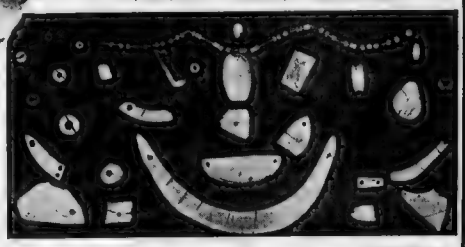
The inhabitants had reached a high state of culture for this primitive age. The walls of some of the houses excavated are fifty feet high, the dwellings being much larger than those found in any other ruins of Palestine. Mural decorations, which are important in fixing the state of culture of any ancient civilization, were found on the walls. There were large quantities of jewels and personal ornaments with which the men as well as the women of ancient Sodom beautified themselves. There were earrings, pendants and necklaces, wrought in gold and silver and set with precious stones, including pearls.

The Sodomites knew and used the principle of the wheel, the oldest invention of the brain of man for making work easier. They had wheeled vehicles and certain pieces of simple machinery, though they had not progressed beyond the Bronze Age and did not have instruments of iron.

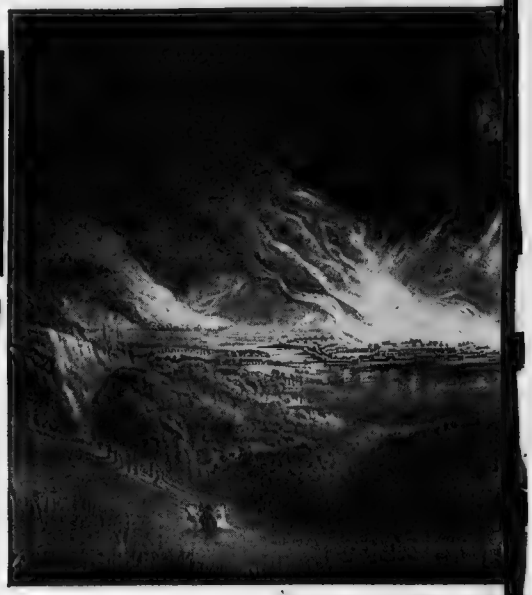
The streets of the city were laid out with some eye to regularity. The houses were rectangular in form and placed in orderly fashion, one close to another. The rooms were large and nicely arranged with a view to the needs of family life. The building material mostly used was round and polished stones, which were found in plentiful numbers around the shores of the Dead Sea, and these were cemented together with considerable skill of workmanship.

The most important finds of Father Mallon from the standpoint of religious history were the altars of the ancient Sodomites, for these throw light on the Biblical stories of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah because of their sinfulness. Snake worship and even human sacrifice seem to have been practiced in the "city of grievous sin."

Jewelry Ornaments Worn by Well-Dressed Women of Sodom 5000 Years Ago, and Dug Up Now After Forty Centuries. They Are Made of Pearl, Bone, Stone and Hematite, a Blood-Red Pebble.



Horn-Shaped Goblet.



The Destruction of the Bible Cities of t

A typical altar consisted of a pillar made of compressed earth and surmounted by a large stone urn surrounded by a circle of stones. In the stone urn of such an altar there was invariably found the skull of a young boy or girl, with the vertebrae of the neck showing that the head had been severed, apparently by one blow of a sharp instruments. These discoveries of the explorers seem to prove without doubt that the inhabitants of Sodom offered up human sacrifices. The symbol of the serpent found in many carvings and decorations of the ruins added the further clue that serpent worship was a part of their religion.

The fact that they "bowed down before graven images" and slew human beings in sacrifice might have much to do, Father Mallon believes, with the reputation for wickedness which Sodom and Gomorrah had during the time of Abraham.

It will be remembered by Bible students that when Abraham first came to Palestine he was accompanied by his nephew, Lot, and that when their herdsmen began quarreling among themselves, Abraham told Lot that he might choose any part of the land and go there, but that he would go to some other spot, for there was plenty of room in the country for both of them. Lot was attracted by the stories he had heard of the prosperity of Sodom and the pleasures of city life there, so he went to Sodom, with his wife and his two daughters.

However, the Lord Jehovah had become so angry over the sinful indulgences and the crimes and vices practiced by the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah that he determined to destroy them all. Abraham sought to save the cities from destruction by finding at least fifty righteous men who were citizens, but he could not find ten. Lot was warned to flee with his family to Zoar.

Then, in Genesis, xix. 23-28, the destruction of the twin cities is thus pictured:

"The Sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar.

"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven;

"And He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.

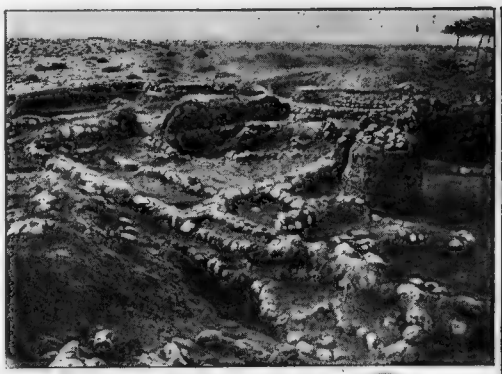
"But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.

"And Abraham got up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord:

"And he looked upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and, lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

Though the real nature of the "fire and brimstone" that rained upon the cities has always been a puzzle to Bible students, modern scientists have readily admitted that Sodom and Gomorrah could have been destroyed by just such means, and perfectly naturally. The vicinity of the Dead Sea has always been subject to minor earthquakes, and it is a region, too, where natural gas and oil are so plentiful that the Standard Oil Company some years ago obtained the concessions there. An earthquake that released a gusher of oil, which was fired by lightning or some other means, could easily have accounted for the "fire and brimstone" that rained upon the doomed cities, for burning pitch could have been scattered by such means. Even Lot's wife turning into a "pillar of salt" is not an impossibility, for oil gushers frequently eject brine in great quantities, and the luckless woman who lagged behind to look upon the burning city might have met death when caught by some such eruption.

As a matter of fact there are actual pillars of salt to be found near the Dead Sea, where salt is common, and one of these, known as "Lot's Wife," was pointed out to tourists for years as the actual monument into which she turned. However, keen business men conceived the idea of knocking the pillar down, crumbling it up into salt-cellar salt, and selling it like the ordinary commodity. When this fact was published, there was a chorus of protest from all over the world, hundreds of pilgrims who had seen "Lot's Wife" declaring that such a deed would be desecration. This gave the owners of the pillar a brand new idea. Common salt, after all, may be bought for a few cents a pound. Salt, however, which was alleged to contain what once was the wife of a famous character in the Bible would be worth a great deal more as a relic. So the plan was changed and a new scheme adopted to sell the salt in special containers made from what is left of the equally famous cedars of Lebanon, so that the salt would sell for dollars a pound instead of pennies.



Ruins of What Is Believed to Be the House of Lot in Which That Bible Personage Entertained the Angels Who Brought About Sodom's Destruction. The Flooring Is of Stone Parquet. To the Right Is the Silo in Which Grain Was Stored.

Dore's Painting of Lot's Wife Disobedience in Lookin

A Woman's Necklace Found in a Grave and Made Up of Shells, Pearls, Colored Glass and Precious Stones.

But the archeologists who make it a business to dig up in Palestine for actual proof of the authenticity of the Bible do not waste much time speculating on whether such a natural pillar of salt could be the remains of Lot's wife. They reason that there was no doubt an excellent basis of truth for the scriptural story of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and that Lot's wife no doubt did perish because she lingered behind to watch the burning of the city where she had made her home. But Lot, himself, possibly saw an actual pillar of salt standing where he had last seen his wife, and in his terror and excitement imagined that she had been miraculously changed to salt as a punishment for her disobedience.

Since Father Mallon's discovery of the actual site of Sodom and Gomorrah places the civilization of that time definitely in the later Stone Age and early Bronze Age, there is no doubt of the primitive state of culture and learning which prevailed then, and which colored all the early Biblical accounts. People of that day conceived of God as the vengeful and relentless Jehovah, whose mighty thunderbolts were the voice of His wrath, and who would not hesitate to do cruel things to His children which a human father would never do It is hard for the modern mind to see justice in punishing a woman with death simply because she did the perfectly natural thing of turning back for a last look at her burning home. But obedience to the father, the head of a family, in those days was considered a basic virtue, and disobedience a serious matter, Lot's wife did not mind her husband, who had told

ked Sodom and Gomorrah

o Destroy the Sinful Cities of the Plain by "Brimstone and habitants, Including, Perhaps, the Ruins of Lot's House

he Plain. From Engraving by Lucas.

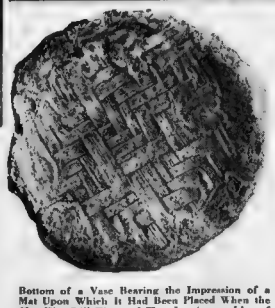
The Excavators Came Upon a Curious Altar, and Resting on This Was a Bowl Which Had Been Chiseled Out of Stone Which Contained the Skull and Bones of an Infant—a Human Sacrifice.

A Pottery Chalice.

Photograph of Mural Painting of a Bird Discovered in the Excavations.

urned Into a Pillar of Salt for Her Back at the Burning Cities.

A Collection of Relics Uncovered by the Excavators and Including Bowls, Hand Flour Mills, Mace Heads and Tools and Instruments of Stone.



Bottom of a Vase Bearing the Impression of a Mat Upon Which It Had Been Placed When the Clay Was Still Wet, and Thus Leaving an Idea of the Basket Work of the Period.

her that the angels warning him had specified that no one must look back. So she was punished with death, and her fate has been held up as a lesson to disobedient wives ever since.

There is ample evidence in the ruins now being excavated that Sodom was destroyed by fire. Ashes were found everywhere. A layer several inches deep was found in the "main street," underneath the deep layers of sandy soil and debris which in five thousand years have accumulated over the ruins. Many skeletons have been found, but not enough to indicate that the whole population of Sodom perished in the immediate catastrophe. It is assumed that on feeling the first earth shock and hearing the explosion of gas and petroleum deposits under enormous pressure, the inhabitants rushed out of their houses and fled from the town.

The excellent condition of many of the walls of the houses indicates that the destruction was caused by fire following the earthquake rather than by the earth shock itself.

The excavators have found relics of great interest, which have been taken to a museum in Jerusalem for examination, and a study of these throws interesting light on the life and customs of the people among whom Lot dwelt. Pottery articles were abundant as well as varied. Generally speaking, they are well baked, solid and sometimes elaborate. A great many were found made of flint stone in various dimensions, among which are goblets and jars. Some of the latter are enormous, being as much as five feet high. Much of the pottery was rudely fashioned by hand, but the perfection of other pieces proves that the Sodomites understood and used the potter's wheel as well.

The pottery is ornamented with colored drawings in yellow and red of various tones, but these decorations are found only on the smaller objects. They are mainly stripes of various sizes, and there is frequently found the snake motif, the oldest religious symbol in Oriental civilization. It will be remembered that the children of Israel, plagued by snakes in the wilderness, worshiped images of serpents in the hope that this would protect them from the vipers, and the practice continued for hundreds of years, though stern efforts were made to stamp it out. This, as well as the barbarous custom of human sacrifice, evidently went on in Sodom and Gomorrah, in addition to many other vicious and sinful practices which brought down the vengeance of Jehovah.

Thirty figures of animals, probably the sacred "taboo" animals which were worshiped in early stages of tribal life, have been brought to life in the ruins. It is an almost universal custom among primitive peoples today as it was in prehistoric times, for certain tribes to have certain animals which they hold sacred. The custom continued in Egyptian religious life and even in latter-day Rome there was a survival of it when prominent families took the names of animals, such as the fox, the wolf and the bear.

The people of Sodom and Gomorrah clung to their old superstitious beliefs and idolatries, while the people of Abraham's tribe were advancing to the higher ideal of monotheism, of worshiping one God and ordering their lives according to certain strict rules of morality and virtue.

The objects of art found in the ruins of Sodom show that these people had reached a stage of culture considerably in advance of other ancient tribes of Palestine. The jewels include some really beautiful and artistic necklaces and bracelets. One necklace is made of forty small white pearls, strung together and tied by a filament. The pearls are carefully polished and in their simplicity show taste and feminine elegance. There are also necklaces of mother-of-pearl and other shells which manifestly came from Egypt, and this brings on the surprising supposition that Sodom and Gomorrah of 3000 B. C. were already in trade contact with Egypt, a fact of which there is no mention in the early Bible chronicles.

There are also necklaces of bone ornaments and of colored stones, including the blood-like hematite. Marble was generously used by the Sodomites in making household furniture, and several marble tables and benches are among the discoveries.

The ceramic remains, according to Father Mallon, are a priceless find, for they are the principal means by which the date of the ruins can be established. He has painstakingly reconstructed a number of the jars and chalices which were found broken into small pieces. There were dozens of flat pieces with the marks of a crude alphabet on them, a kind of picture-writing not quite as well developed as the earliest Egyptian hieroglyphics. The Hebrews, it will be remembered, did not have their alphabet prior to their captivity in Babylon. The Hebrew language came from the Babylonian Aramaic, and prior to their contact with the Babylonians, the Children of Israel used some such language system as that found in the inscriptions from ancient Sodom. These writings have not yet been deciphered, but they are being given intensive study, and if their secret can be unraveled there may be important additions to ancient pre-Biblical history.

Among the other findings, the mural paintings also play an important part. In the southern quarter of the ruins, in an area 90 by 120 feet, three houses have been uncovered which show traces of paintings on their walls. Mural paintings make a valuable index to the degree of civilization of a people because one can see in them the sources of their culture, not to mention the interesting facts concerning the life of the people depicted. The walls of these houses were of brick, an improvement on the round seashore stones used in other buildings, and these brick surfaces had been prepared for painting by a coat of clay. The colors used were in dark and light red, brown, yellow, black and white.

Most of the paintings so far discovered are too defaced to be made out, but there is one, covering a wall six yards long, which has about one-third of its area in good condition. It represents seven figures, two of which, evidently of kingly personages, are seated on thrones with their heads turned to watch fixedly a certain object which is surrounded by a halo of light. Facing them on the other side stands a solitary figure which is probably that of a sacred personage. Father Mallon hopes that with the aid of further finds he will be able to interpret the religious significance of this picture.

Another painting leaves only a single section in relatively good condition. This represents a bird, and, though the picture is slightly scarred, it reveals a beautifully executed piece from the hand of a master, far superior in realism to anything the Egyptians left of this kind. The fact that these paintings are found, not on the walls of palaces and temples but of private homes, proves that an advanced culture and appreciation of art flourished in Sodom. Father Mallon is convinced that the city must have enjoyed a period of pronounced success and prosperity just before its destruction.

In architecture the Sodomites were capable and practical builders. Some of the dwellings have parquet flooring made of little stone tiles accurately arranged in regular patterns. Many household conveniences for practical use were discovered. In the kitchen of a dwelling there would be a recesses built into the floor for the storing of grain, others into which hand-mills for grinding grain or salt could be accurately fitted, and still others evidently designed as cold storage places where perishable food could be preserved. The only knowledge of refrigeration which the ancients possessed was the principle of evaporation. Vessels of porous earth containing water would be set out in a windy place and there would be rapid evaporation as the water seeped through the pores of the jar. In this process the water inside the jar would become cooled, often to the freezing point, and this cold water would be taken indoors and stored away.

The thing that surprised the excavators most of all was to find the houses so large. Hitherto, in the many old Bible cities which have been uncovered in Palestine, the homes of the inhabitants were for the most part small and cramped. Even the visitor to the sites of Pompeii and Herculaneum today is surprised at the tiny houses which wealthy Romans built for their villas. But in ancient Sodom there were spacious dwellings that rose to a height of fifty feet, with courtyards and cisterns, bespeaking the wealth and influence of their owners. One fine ruin has a spacious courtyard and the remains of a lily pond and fountain. It is situated near the principal gate of the city, and Father Mallon says it might well have been the very dwelling which Lot occupied when he was confronted by the two angels who came to warn him of the forthcoming destruction of Sodom.

The site on which these history-making excavations are taking place is the middle of a plain dotted with little hillocks, locally known as Wady Djarafa, on the eastern side of the River Jordan, lying a little to the north of the Dead Sea.

Mount Nebo, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land and where Jeremiah is said to have hidden the Ark and other sacred temple furnishings, dominates the site. In another direction is Tell Shaghur, now thought by many scholars to be the Zoar of the Bible, to which Lot and his two daughters fled, as "the city was near to flee unto." (Gen. xix, 20.)

Zoar was one of the five lost cities of the plain. The others were Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboiim. They first come into prominence in Genesis xiv, where there is an interesting account of the raid by the four kings from Mesopotamia into the Jordan Valley. Abraham's nephew, Lot, was captured and taken prisoner, together with his goods and cattle. When the news reached Abraham he armed his retainers, pursued and overcame the raiders and brought Lot and his people and their cattle back to the valley. The Bible tells how the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah went to meet the raiders, but fell into the "slime pits" in the Vale of Siddim. These are hillocks of soft clay which in rainy weather are impassable to man or beast.

The depression of land in which the Dead Sea occurs and where stood the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah is one of the most remarkable in the world, from a geological standpoint. The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, which is but forty or fifty miles distant, while the summit of the table-land of Palestine is 3,000 feet above sea level. The depression is part of a great geological fault, which has been subject from earliest time to earth tremors, and since the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah 5,000 years ago men have never attempted to build cities there.

For the Sportswoman

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

A Model by Lanvin. The Little Bloused Jacket is Made of Black Cire Satin. It Has Full Puffed Elbow Sleeves, Set in at the Top with a Tightly Gathered Epaulette Effect. The Collar Is Made of Fringes of Black Monkey Fur, Which Are Oddly Finished in the Back, Forming a Kind of Yoke. The Simple Gown Is Made of Thin Black Broadcloth, and the Hat is a Toque of Black Picot Straw, High On One Side.

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

This Interesting Ensemble from Lucile Paray Is In a Printed Crepe de Chine, In a Pattern of Rose and Black on White with a New Arrangement of the Cross-Band Idea In the Front of the Skirt. From the Ends of the Crossed Bands Fall Panels of Gathered Material That Give Movement to the Front of the Skirt. A Very New Draped Collar Is Attached to the Frock and Worn Outside the Collarless Coat, Which Is Cut Loose and Flowing, in the New Manner. The Large Hat is of Black Straw, with Pink Flowers. (At Lower Left): A New Paquin Coat Made of Heavy Black Marocain and Cut with Very Wide Shoulder Effect. The Full Elbow Sleeves Are Set in Draped Loops Below the Unusual Shoulder Yoke. The Ends of the Coat Is Straight and Slim. It Goes Well With the High Hat, Which Is the Leading Millinery Note of the Season.

A Tailleur from Lenief Made of Very Thin Angora Wool, in a Pale Blue Color. The Jacket Is Cut Slim and Fitted, and is Belted with Brown Leather. The Shoulders Are Oddly Treated, with Squares of the Material Giving a Very Wide Line. This Is Worn with a Toque of Fancy Straw with a Stiffened Brown Veil of Large Mesh. Brown Pull-On Gloves and Brown Pumps.

This Coat, in Thin Black Woolen Material with a Smooth Surface, Is by Vionnet. The Sleeves and the Encrustation In the Back Are Made of Black Satin, Giving the Effect of a Bolero. There is a Removable Circular Collar of Silver Fox, Which Falls to the Waist in Front. The Sleeves Are Three-Quarter Length, and Edged with Fox. The Hat is from Reboux, and Is Made of Gray Feathers, With Gray Marabou Tufts All Over the Top.

PARIS, June 8.

THE Paris season for the lover of sports is in the early Summer, when events come thick and fast, and people live the existence of a squirrel in a cage. There are important affairs for charity, exhibitions, gala occasions at the famous restaurants where sports devotees gather, and big days at the race tracks of Longchamp, Auteuil and Chantilly.

The type of dressing that one sees depends, naturally, on the weather. A cool day brings out the successes among the coats and tailleurs; warmer weather gives us softer types of ensembles and summery dresses with large hats.

An example of the latter type is sketched on this page. It comes from Lucile Paray, and illustrates several features of the present mode. In the first place it is made of print, for prints are staging a revival. The pattern is a soft indeterminate one in black and pink on a white ground. Frock and three-quarter, loosely hung coat match each other. The coat is collarless, but the draped collar of the gown is worn outside it.

The frock is sleeveless, has its fullness concentrated in the front of the skirt, and also boasts a novel belt, of the material, with a little double ruffle buttoned on to it in the front. The hat is in black picot straw, with the new important crown, higher at the back than at the front, the height still more accentuated by a tuft of pink flowers. When the weather is fine, this Summer, we shall see plenty of costumes of this type.

When the weather is less propitious, we have an opportunity to observe the great successes among the coats. Two popular types are sketched on this page. One is from Vionnet, and is worn by Madame Revel, a beautiful Parisian. The material is thin black broadcloth, with sleeves and encrustations of black satin, giving a bolero effect. The sleeves are three-quarter length and banded with silver fox. Separate from the coat is the circular collar of silver fox, which may be worn or not as one pleases. With this coat, Madame Revel wears one of Reboux's new toques, made of pale gray feathers, pasted close and tight, like a fabric, and turned all over the top with gray marabou. One sees a number of these feather toques from Reboux.

The other coat sketched is Paquin's best new model. It is made both in thin black broadcloth and in heavy black crepe marocain. Its special feature is its wide shoulder yoke, below which the full sleeves are set in draped loops.

This is a season of little jackets. These sometimes match and sometimes contrast with their accompanying gown. Lanvin is responsible for the example sketched, which was worn by the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge. It is made of black cire satin, with elbow sleeves, deeply shirred at the armhole, and it is trimmed with black monkey fur, another revival of this season. The fur is oddly placed, especially in the back. It is worn with a frock of black crepe, and one of the new "Wall of Jericho" turbans in black straw.

There are also women who prefer the tailleur even in fine weather. For them, there are new tailleurs in various weaves of natural colored linen. The little suit sketched is the new periwinkle or "Eleanor" blue, in a thin woolen material, like a gossamer angora.

Its most interesting point is its shoulders. They are the excitement of this season. Schiaparelli is primarily responsible for all their vagaries, and she wears most of her versions herself. Here the shoulders are covered with square caps, in two sections, something like a folded pocketbook. They are the invention of Lenief. This suit is worn with accessories in brown, turban-hat and veil, gloves, shoes and bag, as well as belt and tassels. The brown is a deep one, and looks very pretty with the pale blue. The hat has one of the new open-mesh veils, stiffened so that it stands away from the face.

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The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BILL BARTLETT, police reporter for the Times-Star, is writing a [illegible] story on murder [illegible] when he [illegible] through the [illegible] window. He goes [illegible] and finds a [illegible] body. [illegible] Bartlett [illegible] Kyne, police [illegible] Lorrimer [illegible] Cushman [illegible] Jannings [illegible] Rincon [illegible] Allen [illegible] Meigs [illegible] Kyne [illegible] Bartlett [illegible] Jannings [illegible] Kyne [illegible] Bartlett [illegible] Kyne [illegible] Bartlett [illegible] Kyne [illegible] Bartlett

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwel

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER TRENT has worked ten years for the Starr Trust Company of Mt. Davis. Beautiful Ann Trent, Roger's wife, is ambitious for her husband and their daughter, Babe. Ann feels that Roger's thrifty and still a teller. Willy-nilly so far, due to his abilities and winning personality.

A change comes when David W. Starr inherits control of the bank. Roger's personality attracts D. W., who promotes him to assistant cashier. It feeds the banker's conceit and craving for power to feel himself responsible for Roger's rise. Also he thinks Roger can be useful to him in watching his cousins, Jerome and Douglas Starr, who each have a quarter interest in the Starr fortune.

Roger is made cashier, then executive vice-president of the bank and Ann's social ambitions blossom with the Roger attends a wild party at Juniper Lodge, D. W.'s country place, and fails in love with his accomplished mistress, Tiffany Darrell.

Realizing he and Ann are drifting apart, Roger suggests they leave the bank top who will not hear of it. He feels her social ambitions have let him down and returns to Tiffany.

Tiffany makes him promise that D. W. whom Roger has come to hate will never find out about their love. He could crush them both—Roger financially, and Tiffany in a way she will not explain.

Roger plays the market shrewdly and makes money. He arranges with Janice Hope—his wife young secretary—to accompany him to parties at the Lodge and make it appear as his escort.

An accident to Babe while he is at the Lodge, sobers Roger considerably. Ann begs him to leave the bank and its associations but he tells her it is too late now.

Roger's profits increase and, upon Tiffany's advice, he puts almost two million dollars into government bonds. He grows an oyed and uneasy when Roger builds a house more magnificent than his own.

Meanwhile Ann strives for social leadership hoping that in win Roger back. She gives a reception in the new house just the midst of it Janice Hope bursts, riotously and recklessly drunk.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Show Down.

"SHAY — hel-lie-lo — Rozher," Janice hiccoughed, while the startled guests looked on amazed. She turned drunkenly to the boy who had come with her. Leave me —hic— alone ——"

"We've no business breaking in here," he snapped.

"Got all the—hic—business—his—in the worl'," she almost shouted.

Roger's heart was in his mouth. He took a step forward.

"Janice," he pleaded.

"Hello — hic — Rozher," she laughed, drunkenly. "Wouldn't invite me to your lil' party, would you — hic — old Q. T.? Wouldn't they get a kick out of that—hic—"

Roger saw Ann, white as a piece of chalk, begin to move slowly forward. He wanted to scream at her to stop, but he stood rooted, petrified, like a man in a daze, watching her slow moving steps that seemed to have him hypnotized. The way the guests fell back and drew together as she came forward filled him with horrible nausea.

He saw, as through a mist, Dave Starr's jaws working spasmodically and Timothy's purple face swelling above his collar; he saw Jerome's hands clenching and unclenching—and he saw in all of them the wish to do something, but stronger than that the fear to draw Janice's drunken attention to themselves.

Ann had reached her. Roger saw now that Ann was shaking. She steadied herself by placing a hand on a nearby table. What would she say? And what would Janice answer back?

A sudden, unintelligible explosion from the room electrified them and Donald hurled himself through the crowd, baying like a hound, g, r and, "Blame it, Janice, I told you if you followed me here I'd break your weak little neck and I'm going to do it."

Janice wavered backward with a gasp, startled into speechlessness by this unlooked-for attack. Roger thought for a fleeting second that he was going to faint. Perspiration broke from a million pores on his body. Donald was upon the drunken girl and it looked as if he were actually going to choke her when the college youth flung himself forward.

Donald evaded his lunge, and, with an unconcerned "Sorry, old man—this is tough on you," landed a right to the jaw and sent the lad sprawling into the hall.

"And now, you jealous little idiot," he turned to Janice, who cringed away from him—her eyes wide with terror, "I'll fix you." He seized the whimpering girl, who screamed invectives at him, in his arms and stalked out the door, mercilessly smothering her words against his shoulder.

Roger stood like a man in a trance. It had all happened so quickly; the strain had been so intense and the relief so miraculous. There was a pregnant quiet in the room; he felt eyes upon him—and looked searchingly around. They thought... They thought that nitwit... He sought Ann's eyes—narrowed with momentary loathing... Didn't Ann know him better than that!

"Let's get a drink, Roger," Starr whispered, putting an arm around his shoulder. "Pull yourself together, man, you look like a ghost."

Jerome joined them at the far end of the room. "Blamed little she!" he blazed. "She ought to be horsewhipped for pulling a stunt like that. She had us all in a sweat for a minute."

"Old Don certainly came through!" Roger murmured to himself, oblivious of their presence, in a tone of awed wonderment at his sudden extrication from an unexplainable mess.

The guests were standing awkwardly about, the women asking who she was in significant whispers. Ann walked among them, head unbowed, but her face an inscrutable mask. They began to leave.

Ann went upstairs immediately after the last guest had gone. That struck Roger as odd. He had been preparing himself for a scene. He wandered through the house, smoking, in short, nervous puffs. Finally he went upstairs. Something was going on in Ann's room. He stood outside her door and listened. The sound of moving things went on. He opened the door. Ann was throwing clothes into trunks and bags.

"Ann! What are you doing?"

She did not answer, but went on packing at a furious rate.

"Ann!" He crossed to her, but she switched around him and snatched clothes from a closet. He grasped her wrists. "Listen to me, Ann. Have you gone mad?"

"Not mad enough to stay in this house a minute longer—to be insulted by your mistress," she hurled at him in a voice trembling with fury, wrenching her hands loose.

"I swear she's not."

Ann's nerves gave way. "Shut up, Roger," she shrieked at him "Do you take me for a fool?"

"You shan't leave this house," Roger shouted back, under as great a strain.

All the things pent up in Ann for two years broke loose—and she heaped accusations upon Roger's head. She shrieked that he wanted to eat his cake and have it, too; that he was aping Dave Starr; that he wanted a wife to bear the responsibilities of a household—to keep up his social contacts while he indulged in orgies on the side with a plaything. She switched from accusing him to his "plaything." She sneered at his taste, taunted him about "a woman he was ashamed of in public."

Roger saw Tiffany's lovely purple eyes looking in pity on him. He went mad. He saw red. He shouted at Ann that she was a narrow-minded, self-righteous, blind fool. He said his plaything, as she called her, would outshine her anywhere. He said he would marry her any time if she would have him, but that it was she who held back, who insisted upon secrecy. Ann wilted, crumpling in a heap upon the floor, pale and silent save for an unconscious sincerity she transmitted to Roger.

Her sudden whipped dejection goaded him on.

"Get out! Get out!" hurled at her. "The sooner the better! A scream from the dark of the bitter recrimination he'll pay. Babe, weep i wildly stumbled across the ro

"Don't go 'way, Mu don't go 'way," she cried at broken-ly.

Roger was stunned. Ann gather the children and was horrified by things he had said. Could her have talked to Ann like Babe's eyes turned on and she wailed, "Oh, Daddy——"

She became hysterical, her body began to wand by gulping sobs near from while she tried in to both of them

"Great heavens!" he shocked into sensibility "Look what you to her."

"Roger, do omg," Ann cried in a fit by raging herself, rubbishbs arms "Don't you se about to go into spasms—and always do more wha!—

Roger seinsiful, dashing little tips arms and started for room. Babe's teeth were chattering loudly

"Turn one in the bath, Ann, and doctor," he ordered.

Ann swept bathroom head of him for a maid on the w hot Babe into the warmes rubbed her muscles and ger soon nothing ther all the while. Tensive jerks of her body subsided and they lent of the tub and quiet the docte arrived.

She rolt ket eyes at Ann and kept refused to answer the question. He gave her and advised

(Continued on Page 16)

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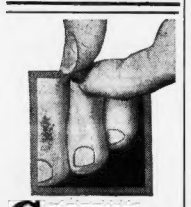

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BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 15)

them to keep her quiet a few days.

"You won't go away, Mummy?" she asked when he was gone, in a tired, spent voice.

"No, darling," Ann said through glistening tears.

"You won't hurt Mummy, will you, Daddy?" she asked in the same tired voice.

"No, baby," he answered, avoiding Ann's eyes, trying to choke down a lump in his throat at the thought that his child should have to ask that of him.

When she slept, he said, "We've kept her a baby too long, Ann, to pitch her headlong into such emotional cataclysms. She must never go through this again. I wouldn't blame you if you left me after all I've said tonight; you've a right to, but I beg you to stay for her sake. She's not responsible for any of this; she should not suffer for it. I couldn't part with her, Ann, and she needs you more than ever... She confided to me tonight that she let a boy kiss her on the cheek in the theatre. Babs is easily led; we must keep her confidence."

He went to his room to sit smoking till dawn, while Ann—scarred beyond healing—let the tears course down her cheeks and thought what a bitter christening for the new home which she once had dreamed was the pinnacle of desire.

Roger had determined to fire the impudent Janice the next morning, but the yellow-haired child had a trump up her sleeve. She astounded Roger, first of all, by a copiously weeping confession that she was in love with him.

"Do you think I could be so near you for two years and not have some feeling for you?" she sobbed.

"Well, I have none for you," he said brutally.

"I know it," she wailed. "That's what hurts. Everything hurts; your opening that grand home—and me not even invited. You've got something to be thankful for though," she quavered. "I went there to spread a cock and bull yarn about us so Ann would get a divorce."

"If it will do you any good to know, you've fixed things," he said grimly. "Now get out."

Her tears miraculously dried up. "Oh, yes?... I'm just to get out, am I?" she rasped. "Because I fall in love with you and can't stand not to share your honors, I'm to get out. Well, I may go, but if I do, there'll be such a blowup in this bank that the stink won't die down for years to come."

"What do you mean, Janice?"

"I know enough about all of you to put a lid on you for years," she boasted. "As for you, you might fool an egotistical old idiot like Dave Starr why you're so keen about Juniper Lodge, but you can't fool a woman in love."

"Don't make me laugh," snorted Roger, to cover the uneasiness that was growing in him at Janice's tone.

"It's a laugh if you think for a minute that I believe it is because you're so almighty righteous and faithful to Ann. Your faithfulness is not to Ann, but to that knock-out of a woman Dave Starr has set on a pedestal—"

"Janice," he warned, alarmed for Tiffany.

"Wouldn't he like to know that?" she continued maliciously.

"That's nonsense, Janice!"

"Oh, is it? Just the same, you won't take the chance of my putting the idea into Starr's head."

"No, I won't," he said honestly. "What's your price?"

She began to weep again. "Couldn't you love me just a little?"

"Janice, you're a baby; you want some one nearer your own age," he said cautiously, writhing mentally with distaste for the whole affair. "Whatever it is in money you want, I'll pay you."

She winked back her tears. "I—I—don't want money, Roger. I just want to stay on as we were. I—I'll—try to get over it. But since—since you brought it up," she sobbed brokenly, "I—I think I ought—to have a raise—I really—think I'm worth a hundred dollars a week—" She broke into a tearful gush.

Roger gnashed his teeth. It would be a pleasure to boot the mercenary little devil out of the office! But he was frightened for Tiffany... Talk about the most deadly of the species, he thought in extreme rancor. Janice was harder than nails. He was afraid to let the little minx out of his sight. Love, indeed!

He judiciously discarded his harshness and said mollifyingly, "No more tricks, then, like last night."

"I promise," she said, a bright smile emerging through her tears.

"All right," Roger acquiesced, vicious again at her quick change. "We'll forget it."

"Some day," he said to himself, "some day..."

The crash in October whirled most of Roger's half million in the market away like a high wind might a pile of dry leaves. Unlike many who threw good after bad, Roger let it go and was thankful that it was no more. He had not yet grown up to his status of millionaire. There was still something of the wondering, grateful bank clerk in him. The million and three-quarters in bonds was almost too good to be true. It was doubly enhanced in his eyes now, considering that it, too, might have been swept away but for the wisdom of Tiffany Darrel.

He sat in the study of his palatial Royal Forest home on the night of November thirteenth in deep thought... A man could learn a lot in a bull market, but it took a bear swing to really educate him, was what he was thinking. The sixteen million share day just past might well be said to have brought a headache to every home and a loss of appetite to every stomach.

The butler, gravely perturbed, announced Donald Starr. Donald, at his heels, plunged into the room. Roger leaped from his seat at sight of him—grayed and shrunken, his face aged ten years.

"Don," he exclaimed, grasping his arm, helping him to a chair, "what's wrong?"

"Give me a drink."

Roger saw that he had been drinking heavily, but he poured him a stiff portion from a decanter in a wall cabinet. The boy had appeared to wilt at sight of him.

"Ever been in the pen, Roger?" Don asked, trying to conceal his agitation by an attempt at humor, which proved drearily oppressive in the face of his appearance.

Roger sought to laugh the ill-centrived question off, but Don's drooping head clearly informed him that it was not so funny.

Don tried to laugh with him, but it died in a dismal whimper, the lines of his face breaking into an almost tearful expression. He controlled his voice with difficulty, and his stiff lips twitched as they formed the words: "I've gone to hell, Roger, and taken a lot of the bank's funds with me."

Roger had been prepared for some terrible admission, but not that. It took his breath away, and his mind leaped wildly in the wake of the words... The pen. ...It wasn't so funny!

"Do you know what you are saying?" he demanded roughly, shaking Donald's shoulders in a spasm of action.

"Su-ure, I'm-a-cock-eyed-son-of-a-gun embezzler," he answered in a voice that broke a little.

Roger recoiled at the unembellished self indictment.

"Does D. W. know?" he asked.

Donald stiffened at that; the name put life into him.

"No, and by heaven he's not going to unless there's no other way. Nor Jerome, either. That pair would like to see me wearing steel bracelets. Old Dave never had any use for either of us and Jerome has been laying low to get a crack at me ever since I called Tincie by her right name. If he found out about those bonds——"

"But they wouldn't do—that—to you, Don!"

"Oh, yeah? Sez you! You're not of their stripe, Roger; you don't know what they'd do. Even if they didn't send me up, they would have me eating out of their hands the rest of my life—and I'll be blamed if I will... Anyhow, Jerome's been riding me the last year for buying so heavily in the market. He's always so right! I wouldn't give him the satisfaction—"

"Let's leave them alone," Roger interrupted, wondering just what Donald was up against. "What is it you've done?"

"Bonds, bonds, the blasted bonds—it was so easy to get my hands on them—"

"Start at the beginning, Don—and calm down."

Donald relaxed. Talking to Roger had helped him get a grip on himself.

"I went flooey in the October break; had too much stuff—couldn't get rid of it. They cleaned me out at bargain basement prices. When I saw the same stocks bounce back up, I went nutty. I thought I could make it... You know how our stuff is tied up in trust; I couldn't get my hands on anything but my bank stock. I didn't want to put that up with a broker, too much chance of Dave or Jerome getting wind of it. Besides, I've got a sentimental feeling for old Mark's bank—I didn't want to give a bunch of strangers a chance to get their hooks in there if the thing didn't come off right. So I took bonds from the vault... Well, that's the story. You know what happened today—same as before—couldn't get out from under. The broker has given me until eleven o'clock tomorrow to cough up or cough out. Eight hundred thousand dollars would redeem the bonds if I could raise it and save my hide from the penitentiary. The rest can go to the devil."

"And all you've got for collateral is your bank stock?"

"That's all. And I hate to put that up, but there's no other way. Will you see if you can borrow enough from a corresponding bank on it to get me out of this mess?"

"Eight thousand three hundred and seventy-five shares," Roger murmured, calculating rapidly. "You couldn't borrow eight hundred thousand dollars on it at present shrunken prices."

"That's the deuce of it," Donald said bitterly. "Over a million and a quarter of value and can't borrow eight hundred thousand dollars on it... Isn't there some way, Roger? If I don't get that money to that broker Dave'll know about it before noon tomorrow... Maybe he'd keep me from the pen and maybe he wouldn't. But even if he did, he and Jerome would ride me the rest of my life. I've committed a felony and they'll never let me forget it."

"Maybe there will be no need for them to know," Roger said softly, almost to himself, and wandered to the long windows at the far end of the room, where he stood looking out into the

(Continued on Page 17)

IN "CLOSE-UPS" YOU CAN TRUST VICKS MOUTH-WASH

Empty! And Mary put off getting some more mouth-wash!... Besides, her brand was so expensive!

A few days later. George just didn't seem the same. Mary worried... she was sure it was her breath!

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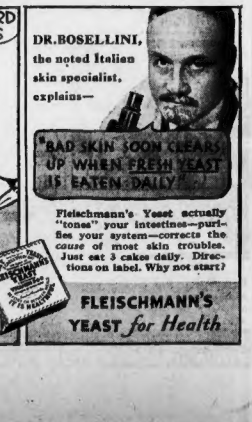

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The Campanile Murders

By Whitman Chambers

(Continued from Page 14)

"Bad news, Lillian." He watched her. The little muscles tightened around her mouth; this was her only manifestation of emotion.

"Is he dead?" Her voice quavered ever so slightly.

"Yes. Shot through the temple. Probably died instantly."

For a long moment her wide eyes met Bartlett's. Then they lowered and she stood for a little time tapping the gravel path with the toe of her right foot.

"Who killed him, Bill?"

Her voice was toneless and it seemed to Bartlett that she asked the question solely to break the silence. Did she know its answer?. . .Well, there was no telling. Her acting was too good, if it was acting. Her emotions, if she had any, were too carefully controlled.

"We don't know who killed him," Bartlett said slowly. "He was murdered—that much was definitely established. But the murderer got away."

"Got away?" Lillian cried. "Got away! How? How was it possible? . . I don't believe it!"

Was she over-acting? Was her incredulity feigned? Bartlett couldn't tell. He waited, hoping she would betray herself, hoping she would go too far.

"How did he get away?" she asked after a moment.

"He?" Bartlett said.

Her eyes flashed fire as she said: "The murderer, then."

"That's a question Ed Kyne would like to have answered—how the murderer got away."

Lillian's voice was calmer. "No one left the Campanile after the shot."

"I know that. I also know that no one is up there now. There is no gun, no infernal machine, no rope that might have been used to escape—nothing. Nothing but Jannings' body lying in a pool of blood."

He saw her catch her breath then, saw her lips tighten. She did not look at him but she thoughtfully scanned the tall tower and said:

"It is almost incredible."

"Incredible or not, those are the facts. Write your own ticket. You know as much about it as we do."

She gave him a quick, hard look and made no response to his implication.

"Well?" he said.

She sighed and her shoulders sagged a little and there was a hurt look in her eyes. She started to turn away.

Bartlett caught her arm roughly. "Wait a minute, Lillian!" He snapped. "Not so fast, girl!"

She turned to him aloofly.

"See here, Lillian! You know a lot more about this affair than you're passing out."

Her eyes were icy. "Why do you say that, Bill?"

"Because I know it's true!"

"Really!. .How do you know?"

"Because I've felt it from the beginning," Bartlett retorted.

"The beginning of what?"

"I felt it the minute I stepped into the Homestead tonight. The way Whitey acted, trying to give me the run-around! Your nervousness! Your crying—crying, mind you!—in the car on the way down here! The whole blamed business!" He paused an instant for breath. "I tell you I've known right from the first that something was going to break."

Oh, he knew he'd talked too long, given her a chance to get hold of herself. Why hadn't he kept still? Why hadn't he made her talk?

These, then, were his thoughts as he heard her say calmly:

"If you knew that something was going to happen, Bill, you knew more than I did!"

"Oh, why beat around the bush? If you want to tell me what you know, it's oke. I'll keep it under my hat and do my best to get you a break. If you don't want to tell me—well, it's oke too. Make up your mind."

"I already have, darling." Her smile was as remote as the South Pole.

"Pretty cool, aren't you?" he jeered.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't be?"

"There's a blamed good reason!"

"You're wrong, Bill." She seemed actually amused at him. "You're all wet."

"All right. I'm all wet!" Bartlett rasped. "Let it go at that. You're little Miss Innocence. You never heard of Mal Jannings before. You don't know who killed him. Or why. Or how. Little Miss Innocence. The deuce with you!"

White-faced, seething, Bartlett strode away.

He went back to the Campanile and found Kyne and Lorrimer leaving. The captain looked at him with amused, speculative blue eyes.

"You look hot under the collar, Bill."

"I am!"

"What's wrong?. . .Anything to do with the case?"

"No. . .No, nothing to do with the case." He felt the blood rising in his face—trust Ed Kyne to know when he was lying. "Where now, captain?" he asked lamely.

Kyne's eyes were still narrowed as he answered: "Chi Sigma house. Jannings' fraternity."

"Get anything out of the elevator man?"

"No. He tells a straight story. He doesn't know anything. Whoever committed that crime wasn't fool enough to go up the elevator, anyway. . . I've sent for the coroner to remove the body. Corporal Meigs is going to guard the tower, and I've ordered Allen to search the Square."

"For a gun?"

"For anything," Kyne growled, "that hasn't been trampled into the dirt by that mob of half-witted students."

Bartlett asked no more questions as they walked over to the police car. Was Kyne suspicious of him?. . .Probably. Kyne was suspicious of nearly everybody.

As Kyne slid behind the wheel, Bartlett asked, with attempted facetiousness:

"Going to call Dr. Hawley on the case?"

Bartlett might have slapped a ripe boil. Kyne jumped, glared at him and snarled:

"Did I ever call that lollypop on a case?"

"No, I guess you never did," the reporter answered meekly, as he stepped into the big black car. The machine lurched forward. Gears clashed as Kyne shifted to second and then to high.

"I don't need any half-baked criminologist to tell me my business," Kyne growled over his shoulder.

Bartlett reflected that "half-baked criminologist" was an inapt appellation to hang on a person as famous as Dr. C. Edson Hawley. He let it go at that, however, and made no comment.

"If the university wants to call in Hawley," Kyne said, "it's their own affair."

Bartlett said quietly: "They'll probably do it, inasmuch as the crime was committed on the campus."

"Let 'em! What do I care?"

"You don't care much!"

"Oh, the deuce with you." There was a pause, while Kyne took a corner with screaming tires. "But I'll tell you one thing, Bartlett. Get it straight. If this affair turns out to be a repetition of that La Salle case, you and Cushman will keep your blasted noses out of the city hall for the rest of your lives. Get it?"

Suddenly Bartlett, too, was a bit hot under the collar. "What do you mean? Hawley came into the La Salle case and—"

"You're blamed right! When did he come into it? After we'd done all the preliminary work and had it practically washed up. Sure! He came into the case and grabbed off all the credit. Front page stuff! Sure! If a private investigator, who calls himself a criminologist, solves a crime, that's news! If the police do it, that's routine stuff, like births and deaths and marriage licenses. All right, go on! Keep on giving him the play, and see where you'll end up."

Bartlett started to say something and decided he'd better keep his mouth shut. Perhaps the papers did overplay Dr. C. Edson Hawley. But what could a police reporter do about it? If Kyne had a squawk, why didn't he take it up with the managing editor? He'd get no place whining to a reporter.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Do you know that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

BIG TIME

By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 16)

night. Donald's eyes, following him, began to glow with a tiny spark of hope at last.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Windfall.

ROGER came back to him, his face kindling with inner excitement.

"I'll give you eight hundred thousand dollars for your stock outright."

"You!" Donald exclaimed in surprise, then shrank back at the earnestness in Roger's waiting attitude. "You mean sell it to you?. .Jupiter! I had hoped, Roger, you'd manage a loan for me."

"Can't be done, Donald—no market for it right now."

"You—you wouldn't loan it to me, would you?" Donald begged in a faltering tone.

Roger shook his head. "I wish I could be that magnanimous, Don, but, like all the rest, I'm looking out for number one. If you want to sell it outright, I'll buy it at that price—D. W. or Jerome would do the same. But if you sell it to me, you can leave it in your name on the books until this blows over—and there's no chance of them finding out about the bonds. You can turn over the certificates to me and give me a receipt. In a few months I may sell it back to you at a premium—but on the other hand I may have it transferred to my name. At any rate, D. W. and Jerome will never know of the misappropriated bonds."

Donald brooded in crushed silence for a long while, then said, "It's up to me. At that you give me a better break than either the broker or my indulgent kinfolk."

Roger went with him the next morning to see that the young fool really extricated himself from the muddle. But Donald was too relieved to get from under the shadow of a cell block, as he persisted in believing hung over him, to want to do differently. He gave up his recently acquired cash cheerfully, grasping the bonds with greedy hands.

"Old Dave will crack wide open," he announced with his usual dash when the transaction was over and he and Roger were on the street, "if he ever learns that that parcel of stock escaped him."

Roger smiled in keen enjoyment. He had a sharp taste of power as he carefully locked the certificates in his box. It was intoxicating.

As soon as Roger became the possessor of that amount of bank stock he had a sixth sense that he must keep that knowledge from Tiffany if he wished to preserve it from Starr. And that was what he desired. He had no definite plan in mind, but at the back of his consciousness was a certain feeling that some day—it never resolved itself into anything more definite than that. . .As to Tiffany, in spite of her love and all that she had done for him, the certainty that she would protect Dave Starr's power and position at any cost had grown on him.

Things that tended to threaten that power, he had noticed, roused Tiffany's keenest instincts. It awakened in him conflicting emotions. He tried to persuade himself that her interest was because of her mysterious mission, but the thought crept in that it was Dave Starr's power and position that bound Tiffany to him. He scored himself for that, it was unworthy of Tiffany, but it recurred again and again.

His other excuse for not telling Tiffany was his promise to Donald to keep his name clear of

(Continued on Page 18)

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Cooking Short-Cuts for Brides

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHAT would the cartoonist do without his annual target of the June bride and her dent-proof biscuits? But there is less reason year by year to criticize her because she fails to produce "biscuits like Mother used to make" since science has now come to her aid with various forms of packaged and prepared flours, and even with ready-to-bake biscuits in containers!

Countless women have already learned to take advantage of the convenience of these newer shortcuts in baking and cooking. These pre-measured, almost automatic flours, are desirable not only for biscuits, but equally for shortcakes, tarts and the many other lighter forms of dough and crust so especially suitable for the Summer meal.

If months have individuality, then surely June is shortcake month! Any box of any variety of berry, rhubarb royal and now, at its best, peaches—so soon to be in their prime—may be magically transformed into America's favorite dessert with the rapid aid of these prepared biscuits.

Or a small amount of chicken or other meat left-over may be evolved with as little effort into delectable individual pot-pies. Heat the diced or minced meat in a well-flavored cream sauce and place in an oiled glass custard cup or apple-baker. Cut out a generous circle of the mixed and rolled dough, cover the cup and bake in a hot oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

Every thrifty housekeeper knows what is meant by an "extension food," one which stretches the more costly ingredients and thus makes the food serve more persons at a less cost per person. These quick-action flours serve admirably as such extenders. For instance, a hot hamburger sandwich roast of two cakes of seasoned meat with sliced onions between, is a good hearty meat for any meal.

Low cost as such meat is, even this sum may be lessened, if about one-third the usual amount of meat is purchased, and the meat covered with a tasty crust of quick-baking flour. With such a crust, or biscuits, no loaf or table bread will be required, and the whole dish will gain in hearty and appetizing appeal.

Science, which hatches new discoveries almost daily, has, however, gone a step further, and blended the dough in a factory, cut it by machinery into perfect circular disks, and then packed these edible disks into a container! The command "OPEN and BAKE" replaces the old version of "OPEN SESAME" in the fairy tale—a treasure which any bride can find on every dealer's shelves.

These canned biscuits are also just the trick to pack into the picnic hamper or the hiker's kit. No matter where the outdoor meal is to be enjoyed, one may make a small wood fire, reduce to a glow of ashes and over it elevate a wire grid. Lay a tin pie plate on the grid, arrange the biscuits on it, cover with another inverted tin plate and bake 10 minutes. The true woods enthusiast, of course, will want to make a stew or bugaroo, and drop these biscuits on top just before time to call "eats" on the camp cornet.

But there are other new, and equally fascinating cooking shortcuts which may quite literally revolutionize any bride's meal problems. One of these shortcuts is the use of condensed milk in countless dishes from soup to nuts. Not every one realizes, perhaps, that canned condensed milk is simply whole fresh milk blended with cane sugar, and then cooked down to a thick and creamy consistency.

This cooking together of milk and sugar separates and dissolves the fat particles of the milk, produces a velvety texture, and results in a blended ingredient of utmost utility in kitchen processes. Naturally, it is richer than fresh milk which holds so high a percentage of water, and the precooking of the sugar has resulted in a syrupy quality most desirabl in many recipes.

Again, this pre-blending and pre-cooking of sweetened condensed milk gives the beginner housewife the great advantage of the ability to prepare extremely delicious meals without having to tie herself down to long hours in a heated kitchen.

As already suggested, this blended cooking ingredient does mechanically for her the beating, mixing and stirring often called for in the usual recipe. Fresh milk and beaten eggs may and often do curdle or separate most disappointingly—but even the novice in cooking will not face this possible failure if she substitutes condensed milk instead.

Custards play an important role in all Summer desserts. They can be made hours in advance, placed to chill and left ready for anytime desired. Eaten with some berries or a flavored sauce, they are suitable for any type of meal. In making custard with condensed milk, all that is necessary is to mix the milk with the required liquids and pour gradually over the beaten eggs.

Many sauces such as lemon or chocolate or maple sauce are merely very thin custards. Pie fillings are often another type of custard, again more rapidly and easily made the condensed milk way. These thin sauces may likewise be poured over cake or ice cream or used in binding the blend in an ice box dessert or cake. Here are a few suggestions along this line:

Lemon-Cream Sauce: ⅔ cup condensed milk, ¼ cup strained lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Blend milk with juice and rind and stir until mixture thickens.

Chocolate Sauce: Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler, add 1½ cups condensed milk and stir over hot water 5 minutes. Add grains salt, and enough hot water to make the consistency of sauce desired.

Ice box dessert is a popular number with men, and is another easy dessert because it can be made so long in advance of actual use. It looks like a glorified and very dressy dessert—really at little expense. It is always ready for the porch party, the bridge, or other Summer festivity. Here is a recipe evolved from a package of cookies:

Cookie Ice Box Roll: ½ cup condensed milk, 4 tablespoons raspberry (or other) jam, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup whipping cream (whipped), 1 roll package round oatmeal, lemon or chocolate cookies. Blend milk, jam and lemon juice and fold into the stiffly whipped cream. Place unopened roll on end, and without tearing the transparent wrapping, remove all but the bottom end cookie. Place a large spoon of the mixture on this cookie as it rests in bottom of package. Lay in a second cookie, cover it with cream, and so on, alternately until the entire roll is repacked. Cover top of package tightly. Place in refrigerator overnight. Remove paper when about to slice, and cut diagonally, which will make each slice appear in neapolitan stripes. Garnish with separate cream. (Jolly made in two-color combinations—such as red and white for July fourth).

Mayonnaise is another item which is used and consumed so frequently and in such quantity that its preparation is almost a daily rite. And although the manufactured mayonnaise has its wide usefulness, the bride will like to make her own quite often. Gone is the old laborious method of beating oil with a fork! Instead, contrast this magic method:

Magic Mayonnaise: ¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice, ¾ cup olive or salad oil, ⅔ cup condensed milk, 1 unbeaten egg yolk, ½ teaspoon salt, few grains of cayenne or paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Place all ingredients into a sterilized glass preserving jar with screw top. Fasten top tightly. Shake the jar vigorously for 2 minutes. This shaking will blend all the ingredients perfectly smooth and the dressing can be served at once. Or, if a slightly thicker consistency is desired, place jar (after shaking) into refrigerator to chill.

Who said there was nothing new under the sun? Housekeeping and cookery are being revolutionized by science—and the bride benefits.

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Delicious and Economical Desserts

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Loganberry or Blackberry Bombe Glace.

DISSOLVE 1 pound sugar in 1 quart hot water and boil 20 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon gelatin softened in 3 tablespoons cold water. Strain and when cold add the juice of 1 lemon and 1 pint of loganberry juice. Freeze. Line a large melon mold with the frozen mixture. Have ready the following cream: Beat 2 cups cream until stiff and add ½ cup sifted powdered sugar, 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and a few drops of banana extract. Fill the sherbet lined mold with this cream, cover with sherbet, lay a piece of waxed paper over the top, put the cover on the mold, pack in ice and salt for 4 or 5 hours or freeze in mechanical ice box.

Bombe Glace Variations.

LINE molds with any desired fruit sherbet and fill with charlotte ruse cream flavored and colored to taste. Freeze as usual. Strawberry, raspberry or peach sherbet with pistachio cream, orange or coffee sherbet with vanilla cream, chocolate ice cream with preserved chestnut charlotte russe cream are suggestive of the many variations possible.

Economy Pudding.

MIX 2 cups graham flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup sour milk and 1 cup molasses and beat well. Add 1 cup raisins, turn into greased individual molds and steam about 45 minutes. Serve with any desired sauce.

Delicious Sauce.

MIX 1¼ cups maple syrup, 1 cup brown sugar and ⅛ pound butter and boil to soft ball stage. When cold add 1 cup plain or whipped cream. Just before serving add 1 cup salted almonds.

Pineapple Sauce.

BOIL 1 cup sugar with ½ cup water until of syrup-like consistency. Add ½ cup shredded pineapple.

Caramel Pudding Sauce.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter and add 1 cup sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Stir until sugar is melted. Add 1 cup boiling water and simmer until thick.

Brown Hard Sauce.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1¼ cups sifted brown sugar gradually, and beat constantly while adding 2 tablespoons cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla and a few drops lemon extract, if desired.

Caramel Brown Betty.

HAVE ready 3 cups chopped sour apples, 3 cups soft bread crumbs and a little cinnamon and cloves. In a buttered baking dish arrange alternate layers of apples and bread crumbs, sprinkling each layer with brown sugar and spices to taste. Dot with butter. Cover and bake in a hot oven about 45 minutes. Uncover and brown. Serve warm with lemon sauce.

Squash Pie.

TO 1 cup strained cooked squash add 1 cup cream, ⅔ cup white or brown sugar, 3 beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon ginger, ¼ teaspoon mace and 3 tablespoons vanilla. Line a pie plate with pastry. Brush with 1 egg white and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in squash mixture and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, or until pastry is set, and reduce heat and bake in a slow oven for 30 minutes. Just before serving spread with honey and serve with whipped cream.

Butterscotch Pie.

COOK 2 tablespoons granulated sugar in iron frying pan until golden color. Add 1½ cups boiling water and 1½ cups light brown sugar and stir until smooth. Thicken with 3 tablespoons cornstarch mixed with a little cold water. Stir until smooth and creamy, add 2 tablespoons butter and a few grains salt and blend well. Flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Pour this mixture on 3 well beaten egg yolks. Pour into a baked pastry shell. Cover with meringue made with 3 egg whites and 6 tablespoons sugar and bake 10 minutes in a slow oven.

Lemon Pie.

MIX 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup sugar and a few grains salt. Add ¾ cup boiling water and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Cook 2 minutes, add 1 teaspoon butter, 2 egg yolks, grated rind of 1 lemon and about 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Line pie plate with pastry. Fill with lemon mixture which has been slightly cooled. Bake in quick oven to set the pastry. Then reduce the heat and cook in a slow oven until firm. Cool slightly, cover with meringue and bake in a slow oven about 10 minutes, or until meringue is delicately browned.

Apple Muffins.

CREAM ⅓ cup butter, add 6 tablespoons sugar gradually, and then 1 well beaten egg. Mix and sift 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups chopped raw apple. Add alternately with ¾ cup rich milk to the first mixture. Turn into greased muffin pans and bake about ½ hour in a moderately hot oven.

Rhubarb Pie.

LINE pie plate with pastry. Sprinkle with 2 finely crushed crackers. Beat 1 egg, add 1½ cups sugar and 1½ cups diced unpeeled rhubarb and spread over lower crust. Dot with 1½ tablespoons butter. Put on top crust and bake.

Old-Fashioned Nesselrode Pudding.

BEAT 5 egg yolks until well blended with ½ teaspoon salt and 1½ cups sugar. Add 3 cups scalded milk gradually, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and stir until egg is cooked. Strain, cool, add 1 pint cream, ¼ cup pineapple syrup and 1½ cups cooked strained chestnuts. Turn half of the mixture into a mold or in a tray of mechanical ice box. To the remaining half add ½ cup chopped candied fruit, ¼ cup sultana raisins and 8 chestnuts broken in small pieces and soaked overnight in Maraschino syrup. Fill the mold or tray with this mixture. Cover closely, pack in ice and salt and let stand 2 hours or place in mechanical ice box. When frozen unmold and serve with or without whipped cream, plain or flavored with Maraschino syrup.

Caramel Mousse.

PUT ½ cup sugar in an iron frying pan and stir constantly until it forms a golden syrup. Add ½ cup boiling water and stir until caramel dissolves. Pour slowly over 2 well beaten egg yolks beaten with ½ cup sugar. Cook over hot water stirring constantly until mixture coats the spoon. Add ½ tablespoon gelatin softened in 2 tablespoons cold water. Set in pan of ice water and when mixture begins to congeal fold in 2 cups cream beaten until stiff. Add a few drops vanilla if desired. Turn into a mold, seal carefully and freeze in equal parts ice and salt for 4 hours or freeze in mechanical ice box.

Almond Pie (Delicious).

MIX 1 cup of flour, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon baking powder. Work in 1 tablespoon butter and add 1 beaten egg. Roll ⅛ inch thick and line a large rectangular pan with this mixture. Prepare the filling as follows: Mash 3 cups cottage cheese through potato ricer or sieve, add 4 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons cream, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, ⅓ cup honey and 4 well beaten egg yolks. Fold in the grated rind of ½ lemon and 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread this mixture over the pastry in the pan. Sprinkle with ½ cup finely shredded almonds, ¼ cup sugar and, if desired, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven until the filling is firm and the crust is a delicate golden brown.

Nut Frosting.

MIX 2 cups granulated, brown or maple sugar (or a mixture of these) with ½ cup corn syrup and ⅓ cup water and boil to soft ball stage, or until mixture registers 240 degrees on sugar thermometer. Pour slowly on 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly, and continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Add 1 cup chopped nut meats and, if desired, 4 chopped figs and a few drops of flavoring. Spread quickly.

BIG TIME By Rae Chadwell

(Continued from Page 17)

criminal implications; he could not tell her of the stock without informing her of how he had come by it.

It did not occur to him to tell Ann. They had drifted far from that day when he could not wait to get home to break the good news to her. Though they lived in the same house, the globe, itself, might have stood between them. She avoided him consistently and arranged Babs' hours so that she saw them together only at the table—where they made an attempted at cordial behavior for the child's sake.

Roger came and went as he pleased, courteously notifying the maid by phone evenings he chose to dine out.

Tiffany, knowing of the break at home, sad and distressed because there was no way she could make up to him for it, arranged more frequent parties at the Lodge and indirectly influenced Dave to seek Roger's companionship oftener.

Dave, to his own astonishment, realized that he had grown fonder of Roger Trent than any other living creature beside Tiffany Darrel. "Funny, isn't it" he said to Tiffany often. "Never imagined I'd have more than a mercenary interest in him when I first saw him, but he seems like a son."

In the Spring Ann came to Roger one night as he browsed in his study, and told him that she could stand it no longer. Harassed by the announcement, he turned gruffly on her and was struck by the little-girl expression that haunted her face. it was pleading to him to help her, to make this ordeal easier. For a second he had the old desire to take her in his arm and comfort her—to hear her say, "Daddy," in that cooing, motherhen way. She was just a little girl, he thought, admiring her svelte lines in the clinging eggshell satin—she always would be just a little girl. Ann. That was so like her.

"I've tried, Roger," she said, and he saw that she was striving to keep her voice even and unemotional. "It is too bitter, too galling—I can't go on. Perhaps he might have worked out differently if you, too, had tried—had given up the woman. But you have not—you are with her oftener. I know. It is all too one-sided. I want to leave——" Her voice broke in spite of her.

Roger, dreading the issue confronting him, begged her not to think of that.

Tears swam in the beautiful dark eyes as she asked. "Roger, have you forgotten that I am human? Do you think I have changed into a machine, that I can go about telling myself mechanically that I must not care, that I will not care? If it were I who was doing that, ignoring you, lavishing my affection on some other man, and you knew it and had to sit by, helpless, how do you think you would feel?"

It was utterly impossible for Roger to visualize Ann, faithful Ann, in the arms of another man. He dismissed it without fairly trying to put himself in her place. They said a great deal more. When he failed to shake her resolution he appealed to her love for their child.

"She is your child as well as mine," Ann said mercilessly. "Do you care enough for her to give up this woman and really try to regain our love?"

He flinched under Ann's frank, truthful eyes. Ann was a little girl he wanted to protect, but Tiffany Darrel was the woman of his passion, the woman for whom he would go through fire. Ann was showing no quarter, she was putting it squarely up to him on the very basis he was using to try to keep her: for Babs' sake.

"What do you propose to do, Ann?" he asked, defeated.

"I do not want Babs to suffer any more than you want her to. I've decided that if we put her in a girl's school, she will not suspect—for a time, at least."

Roger wanted to cry out against that — shoving little Babs off alone; but he knew that Ann would answer—"You have it in your power to keep us together." He did not want her to put it up to him like that—he had not the courage to face it. He nodded agreement.

If there was disappointment in Ann's face, it was momentary. She continued in a voice perfectly even now, "In the matter of money I trust to your fairness——"

"Any amount you say, Ann," he interrupted hastily.

"I shall take a cottage at Bulrush Lake for the remainder of the Spring and Summer. After that—we shall see."

Roger shrank from carrying out the plan. He had never at any time thought of a life separate from Ann. Despite his strong feeling for Tiffany, he had never considered that necessary. It had been a satisfaction to shower upon Ann the things she had longed for for so many years. It gave him, as he realized now, a sense of contentment to know that Ann was safe in his home with Babs. Their lives had converged into one smoothly flowing stream so easily that it seemed unreal that that stream could separate again.

Yet, when he became used to the ides, it was not so wrenching as he had anticipated. He would still be providing for Ann. Ann had no intention of going very far from Babs, and he intended to keep Babs close to him. He had a guilty impression that Ann was right: that he wanted to eat his cake and have it, too. He looked forward to the time he should be free with a certain eagerness.

Getting Babs to agree to the boarding school was a problem. Both he and Ann took turns reasoning with her but she dissolved in tears at the very suggestion of being away from them. Ann finally became firm, and she was placed in the Maple Bluff School for Girls on the outskirts of Mt. Jovite. Bulrush Lake was only fifty miles away and Ann promised to visit-her often.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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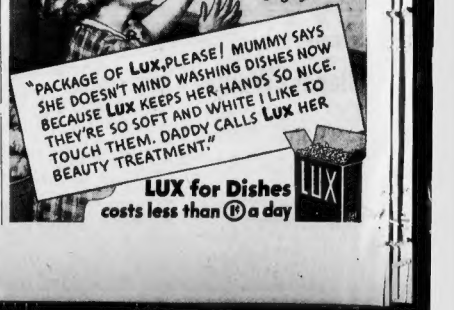

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Spanish Omelet, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Bacon, Potatoes, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Poached Eggs, Whole Wheat Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Creamed Codfish, Boiled New Potatoes, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Lamb's Kidneys, Bacon, Rolls, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Savory Stew (Left-Over), Steamed Rice, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Rolls, Iced Tea.	Creamed Chipped Beef, Toast, Lettuce and Grapefruit Salad, Roquefort French Dressing.	Spaghetti a la Virginia, Sunshine Salad, Iced Tea.	Vegetable Club Sandwiches, Cup Cakes, Chocolate Milk Shake.	Broiled Sardines on Toast or Baked Macaroni. Stuffed Cucumbers, Pineapple Sherbet, Angel Cake.	Spinach Salad Garnished with Stuffed Egg, Hot Baking Powder Biscuits, Stewed Fruit, Cookies, Iced Tea or Cocoa.	Duckling with Onion Stuffing, Currant Jelly, Potatoes, Buttered Peas, Asparagus and Green Pepper Ring Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Tapioca Custard, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Panned Spring Chicken, Cream Sauce, Waffles, Jellied Fruit Salad, Toasted Crackers, Cheese, Half Cups Coffee.	Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Boiled Noodles, Baked Onions, Watercress and Radish Salad, Ice Cream with Fudge Sauce.	Mutton Cutlets (Left-Over Mutton), Tomato Sauce, Creamed Potatoes, Shredded Cabbage, Grated Carrot and Pineapple Salad, Caramel Pie.	Broiled Steak or Beef Loaf, French Fried Potatoes, Asparagus, Tomato and Crisp Lettuce, French Dressing, Fruit Compote.	Home Made Spaghetti, Baked Rice, Cream Cheese Balls a la Fruit, Jelly Salad, Toasted Crackers, Mystery Pudding.	Ragout of Lamb, New Potatoes, Asparagus or Lima Beans, Favorite Green Salad, Rhubarb and Banana Surprise.	Sweetbreads a la Newburg or Creamed Sliced Roe, Saratoga Chips, Graham Rolls, Raspberries or Canned Fruit, Delicate Cake.

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Recipes Readers Request

Supper Tea Cakes.

CREAM ½ cup butter, adding 2 cups sifted sugar gradually. Sift 3 cups sifted flour with 4 teaspoons baking powder and a pinch of salt. Add alternately with 1 cup milk to the first mixture. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites and add vanilla or lemon extract to taste. Bake in small buttered muffin pans in moderately hot oven. Cover with quick confectioner's frosting and decorate with slices of cherry and thin shreds of citron or angelica. These cakes are easily and quickly made and may be more elaborately decorated if desired.

Salad Crackers.

HAVE on hand a box of canape crackers. To 1 stiffly beaten egg white add 1 cup well seasoned mayonnaise. Pile on crackers and toast under broiler about 1 minute or until delicately browned and puffed. Serve immediately.

Mayonnaise for Fruit Salads.

BEAT 2 tablespoons red raspberry jelly with silver fork, adding 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a pinch of salt and ¼ cup well seasoned mayonnaise gradually. Fold into ¼ cup cream, beaten until stiff. Serve immediately.

Fillet of Sole with Spinach.

HAVE ready 3 cups of well seasoned creamed spinach. Have ready 2 pounds fillet of sole, split and cleaned. Put a thin layer of the spinach in the bottom of a shallow well greased baking dish. Place the sole on the bed of spinach, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour ¼ cup rich milk around it. Sprinkle with 1 cup of grated or thinly sliced cheese, dot with ¼ cup butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and set in a hot oven for about 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

Cadgeree of Salmon.

MIX 2 cups of flaked salmon with 4 sliced hard cooked eggs and 2 cups of Bechamel sauce. The sauce may be flavored with curry but do not use the curry unless you are sure your family likes the flavor. Arrange a border of Turkish Pilau around edge of serving platter and fill with the salmon. Garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Turkish Pilau.

PICK over and wash 1 cup of rice. Cook in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Drain and rinse with cold water. Add 1½ cups hot chicken or veal stock, 1 cup of strained tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cook until tender. Add ½ cup of butter and mix well.

Bechamel Sauce.

MELT ¼ cup butter and add ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and blend well. Then add 1 cup chicken stock (fish stock may be used if sauce is to be used with fish) and 1 cup rich milk or cream and stir constantly until smooth and creamy.

Condensed Milk Lemon Pie.

ROLL 12 zwieback biscuits until fine and sift through coarse sieve. Add 2 teaspoons cinnamon. Cream ¼ cup butter and add the zwieback crumbs gradually. Line a pie plate with the mixture. Beat 4 egg yolks until light, add a 14 ounce can of sweetened condensed milk gradually and then add 6 tablespoons lemon juice and the grated rind of 2 lemons. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour this mixture into the zwieback lined pie plate and bake in a moderate oven for about 25 minutes.

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